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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Pope and Premier

THERE was a certain fitness in the first stage of the Premier's Peace Pilgrimage, begun at Berchtesgaden last September, ending early this month in Rome. For it was the genius of Imperial Rome that first taught an anarchical and belligerent world the benefits of law and order, establishing that durable *Pax Romana* which so facilitated the spread of Christianity, and it was in Rome that Providence, later on, placed the Headship of that Spiritual Empire which was intended to direct the feet of mankind into the way of peace and which, accordingly, had the divine guarantee of indefectibility and permanence. Mr. Chamberlain's visit to the Vicar of Christ, the Prince of Peace, was an act of courtesy without diplomatic significance, but the statesman must surely have learnt from the Pontiff that his "policy of appeasement" was in full accord with the spirit and aims of Christianity, and must have been further encouraged to persist in it.

"Let dogs delight . . ."

IT is a policy which, as reiterated by the Premier at the State banquet on January 12th—"a policy of friendship with all and of enmity with none, a policy directed to the just and peaceful solution of international difficulties by the method of negotiation"—has behind it, not only the spirit of Christianity but also the common sense of rational mankind. The Premier is not a pacifist: he knows that there can be circumstances which warrant an appeal to force, as the only means of vindicating justice; but he also knows that war is a breakdown of reason, a reversion to the methods of the jungle, a very costly and uncertain means of achieving its aim. Like all sensible men, he deplores the national folly and selfishness which persist in employing this wasteful method of asserting claims, whilst realizing that, in the present international anarchy, even a single powerful and perverse nation can force

the rest to walk in armed vigilance. But he hopes that constant intercourse between the relatively few men on whom the issues of war and peace depend, will in time bring about a common realization of the fact that universal peace and good will is a greater good than any individual and private advantage, secured at the price of general disturbance—in other words, that the solidarity of mankind as taught and emphasized by Christianity, is a fact which entails real duties of justice and charity.

Obstacles to Full Agreement

THERE seems to have been no lack of good will in the Roman discussions, although they did not issue in an express compact between the statesmen to exclude the method of war in the settlement of any future disputes. After all, they were meant mainly to confirm and further define the Anglo-Italian accord of April last. Two unresolved divergences of view must have prevented any closer agreement. The first was indicated by the British statesmen thinking it necessary to break their journey to Rome at Paris, as a sort of assurance that no discussions with Italy would weaken their zeal for French interests. If Signor Mussolini had been less in earnest about furthering the policy of appeasement, this "gesture" might well have made the visit wholly nugatory. For the quarrel between Italy and France is based, not so much on their rivalry in the Mediterranean as on their different estimate of Soviet Russia. Signor Mussolini regards the Soviets and the Comintern which represents their external activities, as influences destructive of true civilization even in the secular order, and no one who follows the guidance of the Catholic Church can disagree with him. Secularist France, alas! under the sinister direction of the Communist "Popular Front," has experienced no such reactions at contact with militant organized atheism, and, blind to the results of association with a Government, the avowed aim of which is to destroy the foundations of all government, has maintained a close alliance with the Soviets even to the extent of actively aiding and abetting their purpose of establishing themselves in Catholic Spain. The Spanish question has become the test. Differences in outlook here, between England and Italy and, even more definitely, between France and Italy, are preventing a fuller harmony of the Mediterranean Powers.

Christ or Belial!

NO Christian moralist can find fault with either Germany or Italy for deciding to defeat the Soviets' attempt, and to render Catholic Spain all the help necessary to overcome such a menace to its existence. The programme of the Soviets declares war against all Governments which are "bourgeois" or "capitalist," and this declared purpose gives all Governments thus attacked the right of self-defence. It is altogether to the discredit of the French and British democracies that they have never yet realized the real peril of Russian Communism and have left the defence of Christian civilization to the dictatorships—the French democracy because they have long since ceased to have any concern for Christianity and would rather be neighboured across the Pyrenees by a weak anti-religious State than by a strong Catholic one, the British because they feel obliged by the threat of the dictatorships to maintain a close alliance with France, even, we must suppose, against their own better judgment. In no other way can we interpret their silent connivance at the prolonged and positive defiance on the part of France and Russia of the Non-Intervention agreement. This is not to ignore the fact that certain parties in Great Britain also favour the Red cause in Spain—the Labour Opposition through mere political stupidity: they have never yet produced a statesman whose views on foreign affairs transcended the board-school horizon¹—the Liberals through their inveterate anti-clericalism, and certain die-hard Tories through fear of a strong and united Spain coming to dominate the Western Mediterranean. These various views, incessantly fostered by an unscrupulous and mendacious Press propaganda, have compelled the British Government to side with France in a wrongful and short-sighted opposition to Nationalist Spain, and to that extent have undoubtedly made a full *rapprochement* with Italy very difficult. The Premier arrived in Rome, partially discredited by what must have seemed his indirect sympathy with the Russian cause in Spain, and it says much for his sincere and genial personality and the real good will of his hosts that he was able to do as much as he did. His reputation as the Peacemaker of Munich and the personal esteem in which he is held by Signor Mussolini helped to make his Roman welcome a very cordial one.

¹ The political incapacity of the Labour leaders in regard both to domestic and foreign matters has lately been exposed in a scathing little book called "Very Foreign Affairs," by Mr. John Scanlon.

The Conditions for Peace

HE had little support from the pessimists and war-mongers at home who have not yet learnt that the price of peace in a world full of injustice and discontent lies in reasonable sacrifice and timely concession. One can sympathize, in the circumstances, with the spirit in which M. Daladier made his tour to Corsica and Tunis. Popular feeling in France, irritated by the mischievous suggestions, offensively, though not officially, put forward in Rome, that a just equilibrium in the Mediterranean had not yet been reached, demanded an emphatic reassertion of the country's sovereignty and strength and proud contempt of threats. This was all in the old tradition : but nothing more harmful to the Munich policy of appeasement and peace by discussion could well be imagined. It ignores the recent lessons of history. After long waiting for some sign that the Versailles Powers would ultimately do her justice, Germany took the way of force, and the success of this method has given it renewed *réclame*. It is difficult now, as universal competitive rearmament shows, to turn to the ways of reason and persuasion. Yet it should be plain that there will never be peace or even the will to peace in the world as long as the claims of powerful nations are denied *any* consideration or as long as certain Governments view with equanimity the existence and activities of a vast subversive Power like Russia which threatens all nations alike. The excessive nationalism, which at present finds expression, in different measure in Germany and Italy, is an evil of much less moment, even in the secular order, than that Satanic revolt of the Soviets against God and religion, since recognition of the divine right to obedience and worship is of the very essence of genuine civilization, and a common realization of this fundamental truth would provide a joint outlook and basis of agreement, so much to be desired at present, between democracies and dictatorships.

More give and take needed for peace

THE poor nations—the Have-nots—will always be slow to make peace with the rich—the Haves—because peace would mean acquiescence in a position of inferiority, and so, just as peace amongst classes at home ultimately calls for a better distribution of wealth, so world-peace demands a certain measure of equality between the means of wealth be-

longing to the Great Powers. The seeds of world-conflict are mainly economic. Hence, even if Germany had not previously had colonies, she would want them now, especially as several minor Powers are plentifully endowed with them. Unfortunately, at the moment, the German Government professes ideals which make it, for reasons of humanity alone, unfit to be entrusted with the destinies of backward races. It would be morally wrong for those who now have her former colonies in trust, to hand them back to her, and there must be a radical change in Nazi principles of government before that can be done. Accordingly, Mr. Macdonald was right in declaring on December 9th that the return of any of the German colonies "was not an issue in practical politics." On the other hand, it would have been more in accord with the "policy of appeasement" if such categorical denial of claims were accompanied by some sort of acknowledgment of the German position and some sort of proposal to conciliate German interests in some other way. There is a little too much of the *beati possidentes* spirit in the British attitude on these questions. What a howl of indignation went up from the Die-hards when Mr. Eden suggested in the summer of 1935 that the port of Zeila, with a small strip of territory, should be ceded to the then independent Abyssinia to make her more ready to grant the then moderate Italian demands.

The situation is complicated by the claims of the Have-nots that the present "status quo," whether in Africa or the Mediterranean, corresponds with a condition of affairs that is no longer real. They appeal to what they term the "dynamic," *i.e.*, what is coming into existence and should be faced realistically, rather than the "static," *i.e.*, what formerly was but cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. How far the concrete claims yet made are intended to be taken at their face value, and to what extent they are put forward for motives of prestige or as assets for future bargaining, is not always clear. But they do demand and even merit serious consideration.

America and Germany

A SPEECH which has been described as a vindication of democracy against dictatorship was delivered to Congress by President Roosevelt on January 4th. The President is a statesman who is never afraid to mention Almighty God in public, and to recognize, at least in general, His Providen-

tial guidance of His creatures. On this occasion, however, he mentioned three institutions—"religion, democracy and international good faith"—as treasures "indispensable to Americans" which were threatened by "storms from abroad." A more accurate thinker would not have classed as "institutions," religion which is merely man's proper attitude towards God, democracy which is one form of political Government, and international good faith which is an exercise of the virtue of honesty, but one can see that Mr. Roosevelt, generalizing from his present impressions of Germany, was merely selecting for praise what the Nazis seem to repudiate. Certainly, a regime which makes the State the supreme object of the citizen's allegiance, which subjects to the welfare of the State every private interest and which disregards international agreements whenever they do not make for the advantage of the State, cannot be called religious, democratic or trustworthy, but can any Government, American or European, honestly claim to be conspicuous for the observance of all these three "institutions"? Does religion take its due place, for instance, in England, which has only recently been brought to tolerate religious teaching in State schools, or in America which has always completely secularized public education, or in France which has persecuted religion on and off ever since it became a republic? Again, are these democracies so very solicitous for the rights of their citizens? An article in our present issue concerning the American Negro is a lurid commentary on that claim, and the British failure to provide the opportunity for decent livelihood to millions of citizens is unhappily notorious, as the recent report of Bristol University¹ on social conditions in that city has again emphasized. And as for readiness to waive national advantage to the claims of justice and morality, which is the basis of international good faith, no modern State, whatever it professes, makes that its abiding standard in practice. Finally, with the example of Soviet Russia before him which for twenty years has cast to the winds all regard for human and divine law, why has the President confined himself to rebuking Germany? The plain fact is that a persistent and one-sided Press campaign has concentrated upon German excesses and misdeeds, and ignored or equivalently denied the more appalling iniquities of the Soviets. For all his noble words, the President has not escaped its influence.

¹ The report shows that a tenth of the city's population have less to subsist on than the economists' minimum and that nine-tenths of families with four or more children are below the sufficiency level.

The U.S.A. and Spain

HOWEVER, it is well that President Roosevelt should at least proclaim our ideals, however far we fall short of their attainment. His immediate object, aided by the reports of his European ambassadors, was to alarm his audience into consenting to an enormous increase in the "defence" armaments of the States, and to warn Germany that her policy of establishing "colonies" of Nazis in the Western hemisphere would not be tolerated. And indeed that policy, which has been a success in Brazil and has been attempted in South Africa, is one which aims directly at State sovereignty and integrity. No German should be granted citizenship in any State who does not prove convincingly that he does not put loyalty to his new country above that to the Fatherland. But while welcoming Mr. Roosevelt in this instance as the champion of Christian liberty, we cannot but marvel at his complete misreading of the Spanish situation—one common throughout the Press-ridden States—which leads him to suppose that the fragment of Separatists and Red revolutionaries cooped up in a corner of Catalonia awaiting their final overthrow by the Nationalists, constitutes the "Spanish people." As we have seen, it suits the policy of France and Russia and the British Opposition to foster the same illusion, but one might have looked for a clearer vision from one who stands so emphatically for the claims of religion which the Red Spanish Government has done its best to extirpate. Mr. Roosevelt, anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi, seems just as blind to the menace of anti-God Moscow, as secularist France and Britain.

A Ministry for Peace?

UNDER the usual plea of defence, President Roosevelt, to the delight of the war-traders, is trying to turn America from a pacifist into a militarist nation. Urging a similar plea, the preoccupation of our own politicians is, not how the Munich agreement and its later consequences, which renounce war in favour of consultation, can be followed up, extended and made more and more definite, and how the discontent and injustice that lead to war can be removed, but rather how deep we should construct our air-raid shelters and how widely we should scatter our congested population. It is strange that, although theoretically France is as exposed as we are to the air-menace from Germany, and the latter

country may similarly dread attack from France and ourselves, and from Russia as well, we do not read that Berlin is becoming troglodyte or that the Parisians are thinking of moving into the country. It is only in Great Britain that Marshal Goering's air force, nay, the mere rumour of it, has succeeded in producing something like a panic, so that at the very time when the Premier was pursuing his Peace mission in Rome, the Minister for Defence, goaded by accusations of lethargy, should state that "we are working under the assumption that there is a risk of war in a comparatively short time." However, he hastened to add that the assumption was not an expectation; not a very consoling distinction. There need not be any risk of a war, sooner or later, if real efforts for peace are continued. War is the result of injustice, whether real or imagined, and injustice is due to ill-will and perverse denial of rightful claims. The Premier has with the applause of the whole world constituted himself the Minister for Peace; let the office be made a formal one, "a whole-time job," giving him with his assessors continuous employment. And then perhaps, this great nation may be more worthily employed than debating how it may best escape destruction from the air.

The Soviets and the Crisis

WHAT action the Soviets might have taken, had there been no Munich to find a pacific solution for the September crisis, we cannot know. Certain journals have informed us that they would have shown themselves true to their pledges, and the rest: but such language is rather "bourgeois" and unconvincing. It is, in any case, very difficult to pierce the veil of mystery in which the Soviets have shrouded themselves, and form a reliable opinion of the value of their military forces. Recently there appeared in a Russian paper of Paris an interesting document which throws an ominous light on internal conditions and in particular upon the *morale* of the Russian troops. According to it the "liquidation" of so many officers and the general discontent due to forced collectivization and the shadow of famine, had induced within the army a mood of defeatism which caused serious alarm to those in charge. The so-called plot of Marshal Tuchatchevsky was not, as was suggested by the official prosecutors, an attempt to sacrifice Russia to Germany, but rather through a change of Government and methods to over-

come these defeatist tendencies and thus to strengthen Russia. This interpretation is confirmed by the ex-communist, Vollenberg, in his book "The Red Army," in which he states that the plot was favoured by two-thirds of the central Government, five-sixths of that of White Russia and the Ukraine, and nine-tenths of the administration of Turkestan. Owing to Japanese and German threats to East and West, Tuchatchevsky hesitated to take the initiative, and the revolt was crushed in anticipation. A report from Warsaw (*The Times*, January 12th) shows that all is not happy even in the military colleges. "Wreckers" have been detected there. One lecturer had been wilfully instructing the young officers in false tactics which, if put into practice, would bring disaster to Soviet arms: the political Commissar of the school is declared to have been "blind, deaf and asleep" for a whole year and to have done nothing to catch these *saboteurs* who were working under his very nose. It is surely significant that during September, while the world Press was anxiously following the development of the crisis, the Soviet Press gave its whole attention to the new Abridged History of the Communist Party. During those historic weeks (cf. "The World Problem," January, 1939) the *Pravda* printed every day twenty-one columns of this new history. Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Berchtesgaden was dismissed in exactly three and a half lines. Later there were two editorials on the Czechoslovakian question but they served merely as a commentary upon M. Litvinov's address at the meeting of the League. Thereafter the Soviet Press returned to the less embarrassing study of its own more recent history.

Declining France

IN the *Vie Intellectuelle* for November 10, 1938, appeared an article by M. Aynard with the significant title: "Can France remain French?" The writer pointed out that the excess of deaths over births was more marked every year: the figures for 1936 were 12,110, for 1937 27,215 (and, according to *The Times* for January 16, 1939, for the first half of 1938 over 43,000). This was balanced to some extent by the arrival of foreigners, chiefly of Polish, Spanish or Italian stock. The number of such foreigners amounts to something like two and a half millions: and, if the naturalized aliens of the first generation be included, the total would be nearly

3,000,000. There are two thousand communes where the percentage of foreigners is more than 40: in fact, France has become, after the United States, the principal immigrant country in the world. A recent *Times* article (January 16th) deals with this question in greater detail. The small family system, we are there reminded, has been advocated in France for more than a century: indeed, as early as 1852, the city of Versailles created a *prix de tempérance*, for which an essential qualification was a "moderate number" of children. It was then a matter of policy. Between 1865 and 1938 the population of France grew from 38 to 42 millions: that of the United Kingdom from 25 to 47 millions: and of Germany from 40 to 66 millions. The disastrous results of this policy are to-day evident. The country is being abandoned: the land is untilled and there are "deserted farms where the shutters flutter in the wind like things that perish of despair": the country is sacrificed for the town where the birth-rate is kept deliberately low by the selfishness of the well-to-do and the fears of the poor. "Peasants are limiting their families because rural conditions are bad: and rural conditions are bad because people are limiting their families." There is a natural as well as an ethical Nemesis. An investigation made into the circumstances of 22,810 married working men in one of the larger provincial towns showed, we are told, that 64 per cent had no children at all, 20 per cent had only one child, 10 per cent had two, and only 6 per cent had three or over. "The idea of a small family was born in the Revolution when many Christian values, like the aristocrats, perished under the guillotine." The article concludes with the frank admission that the position cannot be radically improved by purely material means such as family subsidies and the like. "Rather does it seem that everything depends upon a revival of faith in the destiny of man" (which we are happy to think is being realized in many circles) and "upon the restoration of spiritual values."

Mussolini: founder of cities

THE foolish endeavour of Germany to secure racial purity and certain quite imaginary benefits as the result, has confronted the world with a renewal of the historic Exodus. But in this case there is no providential designation of a Promised Land nor any divine guidance to reach it. Human folly must be met and remedied by human benevolence in order that the half-million or so of German "non-Aryans"

may find what is the right of all civilized beings, a country and a home. The response of the charitable to the appeal for Refugees from Germany has been remarkable, but the millions of pounds contributed can afford them only temporary relief. The various Governments must combine to solve the question. During the Roman talks Signor Mussolini is said to have shown interest in the issues involved, and we hope that his interest may become practical, for he is the one statesman in Europe who has solved the problem of mass-emigration. Not only has he founded many towns in the homeland, in regions reclaimed from waste, but he has transplanted some 20,000 Italian families, presently to be increased to 100,000, to ready-made settlements in Libya. Doubtless he would be ready to lend his experienced technicians to help to develop any practical scheme of accommodating large groups of refugees.

Removal of a Scandal

FOR years—twenty-two to be exact—the “Mooney case” has been quoted by communists as illustrating the impossibility of the workers securing justice under the capitalist system, and with some warrant. For the innocence of Tom Mooney, convicted wrongfully for participation in a dynamite outrage at San Francisco in 1916, has been acknowledged for years, yet all attempts to secure his release have been blocked by foes of the workers. Now at last the Governor of California has had the courage and persistence to bring about the removal of this blot on American justice, which, just as the Scottisborough case of some years back illustrated racial prejudice, showed the power of money to corrupt judicial integrity. And after the absurd fashion in such cases, in vogue over here as well, the release was effected by granting the innocent man a “free pardon,” without a cent of compensation for prolonged and unjustified imprisonment. So loath is officialdom to acknowledge and make reparation for even the gravest error.

“Felix opportunitate Mortis”

ON December 26th, Catholic England was saddened by news of the unexpected death of Abbot Anscar Vonier of Buckfast at the comparatively early age of 63. He was well known to the Catholic public as an eloquent preacher and as the author of many popular spiritual books distinguished

by their solidity of doctrine and attractiveness of style; well known, too, to the general public because of his remarkable history and that of the great Abbey which he restored from its foundations. The "romance of Buckfast" caught the popular fancy, and for years the construction of the Abbey on the rediscovered foundations of an ancient Cistercian monastery attracted crowds of tourists in the West Country, where it is still a place of popular resort. The Abbot must rank with the great founders and builders of olden days, for, starting with a minimum of resources and employing as workmen the members of his own community, he erected Buckfast in about twenty-five years. This successful enterprise, a living embodiment of the old Benedictine energy and idealism, did more, perhaps, to recall to the English people the glories of their Catholic past than the historic Abbey of Westminster itself. Those who were privileged to assist at the consecration of the Abbey by Cardinal Bourne four years ago and to enjoy the genial Abbot's hospitality, saw the great Abbey not yet fully completed: in fact, the tower was raised to its full height and other details finished only in the latter part of last year, and it was understood that the Abbot had planned for a later occasion a further and final ceremony to put the crown on his work. But essentially the enterprise had reached fulfilment before his death. He had the satisfaction of seeing, in December, all the scaffolding removed before he was confined to his room. He had erected his own lasting monument. Early in his religious life, when travelling with Abbot Nutter, the first Superior of Buckfast, he suffered shipwreck off the coast of Spain. Their vessel, the steamer *Sirio*, broke in two and Dom Vonier had the shock of seeing his Abbot swept away on one part and drowned, whilst he himself was picked up by a fishing boat, and ultimately returned to Buckfast to rule in his place.

How admirably he fulfilled that office is witnessed on every side. The impression his greatness of character made on those outside the Church is manifested by the fact that he numbered many non-Catholics among the greatest benefactors of the Abbey. He broke down prejudice and begot enthusiasm wherever he became known, and all this without abating in the slightest the high Benedictine ideal that inspired his whole life. We trust that a full and worthy record of that great career will be published, for our encouragement and edification, without undue delay. R.I.P.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA

[The following paper implies a severe indictment of American Catholics, and, as a mere matter of courtesy, it would never have found a place in a British periodical were it not for the fact that native American writers in American Catholic journals have formulated charges just as grave and well-founded. Well-known clerics like Father LaFarge, S.J., Father Gillis, C.P., Father Furfey and Father Gillard, have frequently and publicly deplored the un-Christian attitude towards the Negro which Catholics in the States share with the general public, and the Editor is glad to shelter himself under their authority in printing a plea which is but a reflection of their writings and a corroboration of their experience. The author, whose zeal and integrity he can vouch for, has in view merely to give further support to the growth of a movement amongst American Catholics which may finally result in admitting the Negro to his proper place in the household of the Faith—that Faith which, as it does not discriminate in the Church between Jew and Gentile, bond or free, male or female, so surely acknowledges therein the equal rights of the coloured and the white.—Ed.]

THE work of the Church throughout the ages has been to safeguard the deposit of revelation, and to denounce all human views and opinions which contradict the divine teaching. Having this general commission to detect and to reject all heresies, at the moment she is occupied with exposing that concerned with race, which is in direct opposition to the universality of her mission as set forth in the dogmatic teaching of Saints Peter and Paul. It is the heresy on which German Nazi-ism is founded, and it finds its main modern expression in the German persecution of the Jews, but it has a far wider extension, as the following paper, I hope, will show. The whole foreign mission-field of the Church is actively engaged in fighting this anti-Christian race-prejudice, by preaching the Gospel to every creature without exception, and receiving all into the full membership of the Church. From this point of view the United States of America may be regarded as a part of the foreign missions, for amongst its "citizens" are numbered from 12 to 13 million Negroes, of which only a small proportion is Catholic. They are acknowledged to be American citizens, entitled to all the rights of that high status, by the 14th and 15th Amendments

of the United States Constitution, but in fact they are treated in many respects as pariahs.¹

The racial heresy is rampant in the States. So much so that His present Holiness has on occasion ordered prayers to be said for Americans, "that they may become really conscious of their duty towards their Negro brethren." What is needed to extirpate this heresy is a nation-wide and persistent campaign of moral instruction, but so far it has hardly started. Ages of prejudice and inveterate tradition have obscured the Christian teaching that all men are equal in origin and destiny, and that all Catholics are members of the one mystical Body of Christ. This is Catholic belief and should be Catholic practice, but it is only in our own day that we can say it is Catholic teaching when some of the clergy have heroically espoused the Negro cause; heroically, for even their fellow-clerics are apt to look on them as eccentric extremists.

The heresy of racialism, which so panders to national conceit, did not find its earliest development in Germany, but in France. It was Count Arthur de Gobineau, who in his book "The Inequality of Human Races" (1855) started the Nordic myth, which captivated Nietzsche, and has lately blossomed into the insane extravagance of Rosenberg. The Southern slave-owners, before and after the Emancipation of 1865 which freed their victims, based their rejection of Christian teaching about slavery on Gobineau's arguments and maintained their heretical views with such vigour that they infected the North as well. As a result, all over the States to-day the Negro is deprived of many ordinary rights of citizenship. He is forbidden to marry whom he pleases, to live in white residential districts, to attend certain schools, shop in certain stores, eat in certain restaurants, sleep in certain hotels, and is even, if a Christian, forced to worship from the gallery or rear pews, or is debarred altogether from entering "white" churches.

But latterly, as I have implied above, he has not lacked his defenders. Probably the most outspoken champion of the Negro cause is Father John LaFarge, S.J., who has written fearlessly,² and preached in season and out of season, throughout the country, to defeat the heresy of racialism. He has

¹ A discussion of "the Negro Problem," with details of the discriminations to which coloured folk are exposed, appeared in these pages for May, 1934, from the pen of the well-known Catholic sociologist, E. J. Ross.—Ed.

² His recent volume, "Interracial Justice," ranks as the standard book on the subject, for it puts the case for the Negro on its due moral and theological basis.

gone about the work of education by forming study-circles, not only to show the white man how he should deal with the Negro, but to let the latter know the true mind of the Catholic Church in his regard. Dr. Paul Furfey is a more recent but equally strenuous worker in the field. When on the faculty of the Catholic University in Washington, he advocated the admission of negro students, at the risk, for a time, of losing his position. Happily, Christian charity prevailed over prejudice, and the University, realizing that the Negro is just as capable as the White of assimilating Catholic education, has opened its doors to the race, but not, alas! before the same Christian attitude had been adopted by many of the secular universities.

But Father Furfey has done more than this to unite Black and White. He has instituted "Il Poverello" House at Washington, where a group of self-sacrificing women-students devote themselves to work for the benefit of the Negro with such courage and energy that some of them actually live in the dangerous Negro quarter, and teach the children of the neighbourhood how to launder, cook and care for themselves. Here, their parents may buy things at wholesale prices, and the little ones, instead of living all day on the street, have friends to look after them, while at the same time undergraduates have an opportunity of studying at first hand the living conditions of the poor and the means of improving them.

I am trying to gather enough "swallows" to justify the hope that, in regard to the relations between the American Negro and the Catholic Church, a long-delayed summer is at hand. In Harlem, that vast section of New York City where the Negroes, to the number of 300,000 are segregated, Father F. Mulvoy, one of the Holy Ghost Fathers, has created St. Mark's, a finely-equipped parish in which teachers, nurses and children are organized to prevent "leakage" from the Church. His zeal has placed him at the head of many civic and non-Catholic organizations which aim at a *rapprochement* between the Negro worker and the White employer.

Again, the pastor of Corpus Christi parish on the borders of Harlem, Father J. Ford who is chaplain of Columbia University, and of the New York University "Newman Club," is in constant contact with zealous young Catholics anxious to take part in Catholic Action, and has realized the fact that the communists at the University are well-versed in the technique of propaganda and have actually done much to help

the Negro in Harlem. Even though Catholic Negroes there number only 20,000, the Catholic parishes are too poor and scattered to provide for their recreational and intellectual needs, so that once children left the Catholic school they were often lost to the Faith. Accordingly, within the last year Father Ford has stimulated the University students of Columbia to undertake social work for the Church in Harlem. The initial difficulties were enormous. The Whites hesitated, feeling that if they associated with Harlem Negroes in educational and social enterprises, they might be expected to "know" them socially afterwards. Father Ford then appealed to their Catholic spirit and, to give them a lead, he invited a well-known social worker, the Baroness de Rueck, to found a settlement in Harlem, engaging the Newman Club to provide the rent and to help with the classes. The growth from this "mustard-seed" has been astonishing. To-day, Catholic students give freely of their time to 160 Negro boys and girls, who have formed the "Harlem Catholic Youth Association." Side by side, the White and Negro race are working, and acquiring, besides secular knowledge, the more precious lore of their brotherhood in Christ. The Baroness de Rueck, by actually living in Harlem, has helped to break down many prejudices. She supervises the newly-founded library with its mailing service to the South, and assists in the formation of study-circles and round-table conferences. Almost overnight, thanks to Father Ford's energy and zeal, Catholic New York had become conscious of its obligations in justice and charity towards the Negro.

When we leave New York, where the civic authorities insist on a measure of decent housing and modern sanitation, and study the Negro question in Chicago, we meet with greater difficulties, due to more profound material degradation. Although Chicago is considered the most beautiful city in the New World, and billions of dollars have been expended to embellish it further, not a cent appears to have been spent to alleviate the sordid lot of the over-crowded and despised Negro population. Streets and alleys where thousands of Negroes have to live, are never cleaned! Refuse, garbage and old papers lie often three or four feet deep, rotting in the scorching sun, so that the stench of this filth, full of noxious forms of life, becomes a daily menace to the entire population. Over-crowding is not the worst evil. Frequently the shacks let to the Negroes are as dear as they are devoid of ordinary

amenities. The Negroes are herded near the factories and depots, in the section called "The Loop," the oldest part of the city, and their children, a few miles from beautiful parkland and healthy beaches, grow up unacquainted with grass or trees or lake. This is the fault of the White authorities in general, who, intent on making their city beautiful and healthy, think any sort of slum good enough for the Negro.

Two years ago, a certain gentleman named Bowers, walking along Taylor Street in The Loop, saw a little black child run over by an automobile. Then and there he determined to find a place where the Negro children could play in safety, and in default of any accessible open space, he rented a large empty store in the street. Thus "Holyrood House" came into being. Children in increasing numbers began to congregate and play there under his kindly supervision. Yet he found no encouragement or support from other Whites, who even tried to make him give up the work, but he bravely persevered, and the enterprise is now in its third winter. The little gamins who used to spend their time in thieving or fighting have become model children. Holyrood House is not a mere food depot where the starving are fed, with no personal contacts, but is devoted to more constructive work, for there Mr. Bowers teaches not only profane learning, but character and courtesy. To-day the hundred little waifs that have passed through his hands are well-mannered, self-confident, able to impress all those who talk with them. When the work began, not a Negro child on Taylor Street was Catholic, to-day there are thirty "proselytes" whom he sends to a Catholic school, and the Sisters who teach them find they are just as intelligent, docile and willing as their White pupils. As so often in these works of reclamation, it is necessary to build from the beginning. The parents, at work all day, used to tie their door-keys round their children's necks in the morning, and then turn them adrift. Now, at Holyrood House, these children are maintained until their parents are capable of helping in their support. A summer school has been started as much for the sake of recreation as of learning. In the second summer more than two hundred applied, but only one hundred could be enrolled, for the simple reason that the store was too small. In it Mr. Bowers is helped by students from the diocesan seminary, and by girls preparing to be teachers. No more admirable training for future pastors and school-mistresses could be imagined. This Christian enterprise has

transformed that blood-stained twentieth district of Chicago, where appalling murders were frequently committed, and where vice of all kinds was rampant. The work this last year was crowned by a month at "Holy Child Farm," which completed the new experience of these little outcasts, who returned to the sweltering heat of the city, having gained in weight, with new blood in their veins, and a different outlook on life. Thus one man has set an example of Catholic Action in a field as yet wholly neglected by his fellow-Catholics, although non-Christians, from merely humanitarian motives, are busily engaged in it.

It is a matter of common observation that all over the country the needs of the Negroes are being exploited by communists who in Harlem alone own over twenty-four apartments devoted to "educating" the more intellectual blacks, with clubs for recreational purposes attached. These zealous materialists find that living with the Negro increases their influence. They even penetrate to the fever-haunted bayous of Louisiana, where white Catholic missionaries have never yet ventured.

An extensive tour last winter in Virginia and North Carolina brought the writer into contact with the grinding poverty and destitution to which White mis-government and callousness have reduced the Negro population. In miserable shanties I found ten, fifteen, even twenty human beings in one room, huddled together like beasts. I have smelt the odour of burnt flesh, the flesh of little babies, who, because of inadequate space, were pushed against the stove in the centre. By these outcasts the White is regarded with abhorrence and fear. It is impossible to get into conversation with them. Children shriek with terror at the approach of anyone white, and barricade themselves behind closed doors. As for their homes, the law gives them no protection against rack-renting. For these hovels, consisting of slats nailed together, the White landlord extorts \$20 to \$25 a month, no means of sanitation is provided, the pump is in the yard, and there is no plumbing of any kind. And to injuries of this sort, the White adds the insult that the Negro is dirty, whereas, given the proper environment, the Negro has the same cleanly qualities as ourselves. Were not our children entrusted for generations to the care of black "mammies"? Did they not cook for us, and look after our houses? I worked last winter in an apartment-house in Harlem, wholly run by

Negroes, yet the elevator, the corridors, stairs and offices, were just as well kept as those of White owners.

The attitude of Negro children in the South towards Whites whom they meet, speaks volumes for the mentality engendered by the racial hatred and contempt cultivated for generations and still maintained. That evil tradition is all one with the teaching of Nazi Germany in regard to the Jew, who, if he survives at all in the Reich, will also degenerate into a pariah, without any civic rights or the protection of the law; but here it evokes no world-protest. If the States really regarded the Negro as a citizen, the removal of the deplorable housing-conditions to which he is subjected in the towns and villages of the South would be the first care of the humane legislator.

The co-founder with Father James Anthony Walsh, of the American Society for Foreign Missions, better known as "Maryknoll," was Father Thomas F. Price, the renowned missionary of North Carolina. His apostolic activities were extraordinary, but racial prejudice beat him in the end. When he was in charge of the White Catholics of Carolina, he found that he could not show any zeal for the conversion of the Negroes without estranging his parishioners. Hampered thus at home, he could find scope for his burning zeal only amongst the heathen abroad, and so, when advanced in years, he volunteered for the Chinese mission, wondering, no doubt, at the blindness which was ready to subscribe generously for the conversion of the yellow-man, yet could refuse to encourage those who were working for the coloured folk at home.

The example of his self-sacrifice has not, even now, been fully appreciated. Nuns and priests offering to work amongst these American pariahs are still destined to lead lives of poverty and isolation. They face far more difficult problems than do the missionaries in pagan lands. Catholics are few in the South, and even so, the supply of clergy is insufficient. Some of the dioceses cover enormous areas. In some parishes there are regions where Mass has never been celebrated. Dire poverty oppresses the small Negro congregations. And in addition to these physical drawbacks, the Ku-Klux-Klan, wherever it is able, has prevented the establishment of Catholic missions. Even if White Catholics *did* help and encourage those who work for the Negro, it would still be a stern apostolate. But, alas! instead of aiding the missionary nun and priest working in the same village or town, they will ostracize

them because they associate with Negroes. They neither offer financial aid, nor take an interest in these missionary activities. Moreover, the priests in charge of the White parishes cannot associate with their own confrères, because their White congregations would resent even such indirect contact with the despised race.

Moreover, this un-Christian attitude is, unhappily, not confined to the South. The North, which fought so nobly to free the slave, keeps the liberated Negro fast bound in hateful civil and social restrictions. This is apparent on every side, and the instances coming within my own experience may fairly be taken as typical—straws, maybe, but indicating the direction of the wind. In New York City I tried ten different hotels and restaurants, to get them to admit a coloured teacher, but in vain. Two of the Catholic Women's clubs in the city do not admit Negro women. A New York priest wishing to give a retreat to a hundred or so of his parishioners, made arrangements for board and lodging with a religious community, but when the Superior realized that the retreatants were coloured women, she immediately cancelled the retreat; she felt that it would be "too humiliating to require her lay-Sisters to wait on Negresses." When the priest tried to insist, the Superior threatened to appeal to the Cardinal, stating that the very presence of Negroes on Riverside Drive would impair the value of real estate there! The lady Dean of a Southern Catholic college, on learning that at the famous Sacred Heart school of Manhattanville a Negro had lectured to the community and students, declared to her assembled faculty that, as long as she lived, she guaranteed that none of them would have to submit to such a degrading experience. In a college at St. Louis, a popular professor, an Englishwoman by birth, invited a coloured girl to take tea in her room. Being British, she never gave the matter a second thought, but no sooner had her guest left than she was severely reprimanded by the Dean for her unpardonable offence, and shortly afterwards an excuse was found for asking her to retire.

A Negro girl-graduate in Washington, a daily communicant, was requested by her parish priest not to attend Mass last Easter Sunday, lest her presence should give offence to the White congregation! In another town, well above the Mason and Dixon line, three coloured girls approached the communion rail. Two of them were fair, and were given Holy Communion, but the dark one was intentionally passed over

by the priest. In an orphan asylum of Chicago, where over eight hundred children are beautifully cared for, Negroes are not admitted; in many cities, Catholic orphanages have made no provision for Negroes. Indeed, it is in the matter of the children that racial prejudice operates most cruelly; just as is the case with the Jews in Germany.

All this surely points to something radically wrong or defective in American Catholic training. It cannot be ascribed *solely* to an inveterate and unbreakable tradition, for non-Catholics have freed themselves from it, at least to a larger degree than Catholics. In the North all State educational Universities and Colleges are open to the Negro, as well as many of the best-known private institutions, such as Harvard and Chicago, but it is rare to find a Catholic school or orphanage or hospital which does not exclude the coloured folk. Consequently, Catholic coloured children are practically forced into secular schools, to the almost inevitable loss of their Faith. What wonder that out of twelve or thirteen million American Negroes only 250,000 are listed as Catholics. Before Emancipation there were as many in the State of Louisiana alone!

So far I have gathered together some evidence that Catholics are beginning to realize that this undue discrimination against fellow-creatures and fellow-citizens is a *repudiation in act of the basic tenets of the Christian Faith*. One last example will perhaps illustrate how much heroism is required to break down the irrational and unChristian prejudice that so interferes with the progress of the Faith in America.

Some years ago, a young priest, belonging to a missionary Congregation, a most successful preacher in the North, and destined for the Chinese mission, chose rather to evangelize the heathen in his own land, and got leave to settle in Greenville, North Carolina. Had he gone to Shanghai or Hankow, he could have counted on support from mission-funds, but as it was, he had to fend for himself and live in extreme poverty. Renting some premises over a shop, he worked for three years without making a convert, till, faced with the prospect either of starvation or of abandoning his post, he had recourse to some poor factory workers he had known in the North, and by the help of their nickels and dimes, built a decent red-brick church, and at last won over the nucleus of a Negro congregation—no mean feat, considering the fear and repulsion with which the Southern Negro regards all Whites. Now Father Tew has gained their love and confidence. Last Christmas

Eve I attended Midnight Mass at St. Gabriel's, where a rapt congregation of Negroes knelt with eyes fixed on the tabernacle. A body of fifty boys and girls sang hymns and pronounced the Mass responses in perfect Latin. Early next morning I could not resist going there again for Mass, and witnessed the same devotion and fervour. I had been told "the Negro is foolish, unintelligent, incapable of learning," but when I attended the afternoon Catechism class, I was "amazed at their wisdom and their answers."

Those White Catholics who want to realize to the full the concept of the Mystical Body, and to do all they can to help their fellow-members who are suffering from an exceptionally cruel and unChristian ostracism, must be prepared to be regarded as socially "not quite nice," or as religious eccentrics. The anti-Negro prejudice is extraordinarily deep-seated, and is found even amongst those who have sacrificed all to serve God in religion. I have met holy nuns who shuddered when they learnt that I ate with Negro girls and let them use my bath. One actually said to me: "You can't make me believe that Negroes have souls like us—I can think of them only as animals!" This shocking attitude is unfortunately by no means the exception. It is bad enough and sad enough that the secular State, whose ideals belong solely to this world, should so flagrantly deny to its Negro citizens the civic and social rights which are guaranteed them by the Constitution, but that members of the Church of Christ should in practice fall into line with the State in this attitude shows surely a lamentable absence of the Spirit of Christ in their hearts and minds.

However, as I have stated, there are an increasing number of Catholics sensible of this reproach, and I am glad to be able to quote the above example of Father Maurice Tew, who has waged his campaign with such success in the bigoted South. A visit to St. Gabriel's, Greenville, is calculated to inspire hope that at last the Catholic Church, whatever the State does, or neglects to do, will prove to the Negro that he is regarded as man and brother. Father Tew has effectively blazed the trail. With the aid of a devoted mother who followed him to a life of poverty and zeal, he clothed the children of his converts, taught them to walk in shoes and to keep themselves clean. A great joy came into the lives of these abandoned little ones when they felt that, although they had to live in tumbledown shacks, without furniture or ordinary

amenities, they had friends who really loved them—the great-hearted and kindly pastor, and the Master Whom he served. No one who has seen this “mission to the heathen,” and those hundreds of ragged urchins transformed into well-behaved and fervent Catholics, can be blind to the great possibilities before the Church in the States. What one man can do, single-handed, and against many obstacles, is surely capable of accomplishment by sustained and co-ordinated effort. Catholic America should not wait until the Negro attains full civic status, but should do what it can at once to remove his grave religious disabilities, his ignorance of the Catholic Faith and all that it brings to the helpless and destitute. Having experienced the justice of the Kingdom of God, he will be better fitted to gain all other things that are due to his human nature.

M. BENZIGER.

Silent Grief

“Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.” (Seneca, *Hippolytus*.)

SOONER shall swing with soft and rhythmic chime
 In flame-wrapt town the wild alarum bell,
 Sooner shall music from the storm-buoy swell
 That jangling scales the surge in tempest-time
 Than Grief's first pulses throb in foot and rhyme
 Or sobs in symphony with string and shell
 Break from the new-wrung heart; what tears then well
 Are voiceless; hushed the mood of Sorrow's prime.

So silent have I lived, lost friend, nor said
 What woe was mine; still in my soul there spake
 Sad mem'ries, sighing—“*Then* he was not dead,
 But now, ah! now”—Stay! not yet may'st thou dare
 To seek in song thy sorrow's thirst to slake;
 Nay, hearken to thy heart! forbear! forbear!

T. KING.

WHY NOT OUR ALLY?

MR. GEORGE ORWELL wrote, in 1937, a book called "The Road to Wigan Pier" (Gollancz: how he must have hated publishing it!), which should be of national, and, more widely, of Catholic interest. Despite what we consider its faults, we would like many to read it. He thinks that the misery, the injustice, and the enslavement of the world could be got rid of by a true Socialism; that so only can it be saved from Fascism; and he does not like Catholics. We are sorry for this, because we think he ought to find in us his reliable allies.

He disapproves of Kipling; but his title means that he went to Wigan not on the road to Mandalay, but from it. He does not say why he travelled there till Part II; but we may do so at once. At 20, he went to Burma in the Indian Imperial Police. There, the "class distinctions" to which he had been used, vanished. Whites lived practically alike: Natives were just dark men being ruled by Europeans. Almost all Anglo-Indians, he says, end by hating the system they administer: at home, you cannot realize it; you must be in it and of it. And he, as a policeman, had to *enforce* its sanctions. He began to be ashamed of his job and to loathe it: after five years he threw it up. He returned with a hatred of oppression: having read about "unemployment" he resolved to live among the "lowest" in their own conditions, and began in Limehouse. This and more is described also in his "Down and Out in Paris and London" (a book, to me, of lower value than this one: too like "Limehouse Nights"). He then became a tramp, and afterwards, I gather, went to live in the depressed mining areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Part I is a "status quaestionis." He wishes to indicate what is actually happening, and his photographs clinch it. There is here no flamboyant journalism; but there are, besides ruthless material details, exact statistics, financial, dietetic, and so forth. We were interested to find that what we had written about mines in Derbyshire, Kent, Johannesburg, and Kimberley, constantly coincides, almost verbally, with what Mr. Orwell writes. We think the same would hold good as re-

gards County Durham : though South Africa would supply the most appalling of the texts.¹

Mr. Orwell spends a great deal of time on the question of "class," and we fear that much of it is wasted. He would like (I think) a "classless" society : but he describes again and again the pathetic *fact* of "class" as it exists now—socially—but does not insist enough on its ethical consequences, though he mentions them frankly. In the long run, he brings the *fact* of "class" down to an economic affair—robbers *v.* robbed : this is already quite different from divisions according to the sense of being a "gentleman" or not, or—fertile in unpleasant consequences—"not quite." The "consequences" that he deprecates are : One class is apt to think itself "better" than one from which it merely differs : and, one class is apt to *dislike* another. These consequences are not one-sided. The proletarian—why, Mr. Orwell himself, I think—regards himself as better than the "fat-bellied bourgeois" ; and not only does the professed Red dislike the rich quite as much as "refined" persons dislike people who "smell nasty," but the bitterest envies or contempts are seen among those who are only a shade different between themselves as to "class." The thing comes back, then, to character, not "system." Even two generations ago, in decent domestic groups there was much subdivision of "stations," *i.e.*, classes : but there was no ill-feeling between "master and man." If there was, it had a moral cause, not a social or economic one. "Classes" are not a system, but exist in the nature of things, simply because there are vast numbers of men, unlike one another, yet not indefinitely so. Hence the sufficiently-like gravitate towards each other and have tastes of their own, and would prefer to be together than with men of alien outlook. But even this can be surmounted by moral means—humility and charity. Still, is the affair *wholly* "moral" ?

There used to be an expression—The Quality. Can we differentiate classes also physically ? I fear so. For some people have a long heredity of good feeding, and others, of under-feeding (Mr. Orwell is right, and perspicacious, about

¹ In his description of miners' baths, he does not mention their terror of washing their spines, lest they should weaken themselves. As late as the War, men were quite angry if we questioned this. Perhaps pit-head showers have made the practice impossible and so have ruined the theory. Page 80 contains an interesting explanation of why men dare—and are even prudent—to marry on the dole.

diet; see pp. 92—96; 99).¹ This can in time be set right, I suppose, if we can win in the fight against those social murderers, purveyors of fake food, whose allies will too often (as Mr. Orwell sees) be its eaters, for they (naturally) prefer tasty muck to what is wholesome but dull. (Given the amount of tinned food wasted, I doubt if much money is saved by buying it. But the fake becomes *preferred*. Machines have corrupted the power of appreciation (p. 236). The radio is *preferred* to birds as background for a job.) But another consequence due (at least at present) to the possession of what Aeschylus calls "ancient wealth" is, precisely, if not really "good" taste, at least a cultured taste in the wide sense. Mr. Orwell thoroughly realizes that the civilization among whose wreckage we live had, and still has, its "bouquet" (p. 215). The imagined socialist future tastes, like colonial burgundy, only of "iron and water." Well, prolonged refinement may emasculate a stock: we too may have to resign ourselves to the irreparable loss of many beautiful things. But I suppose "men of taste" are different in "quality" from others, though not morally so. Finally, "ancient wealth" induces, among other "qualities" good or bad, the habit of looking at things on a large scale: also the sense of power. I doubt if Mr. Orwell approves of the old Russian communist ideal—the "abolition of *all* power": nor yet of all sense of "possession." I would rather possess one *Morpho* butterfly than look at a dozen in museums: and since the instinct for possessing *something* is simply part of human nature, we do get back to moral considerations; for only these will regulate me in the matter of how much I ought to have, and how I ought to get it, or use it, or when abdicate it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Orwell agrees that the sense of "class" is at present all-but ineradicable in the individual: it is idle to *copy* any other "class," its accent, its fads—and that indeed is true. Perhaps he was wrong in thinking that down-and-out men don't notice differences in "accent": I think they do, and would see through imitations at once, and not like them—in fact, would be insulted by them. All affectation is abominable; simplicity is the only "method," and this is produced by meditation on the simplest things of all, such as, that God is the Father of each man; and that He loves those, too, whom I dislike.

¹ I did not know that aspirin played any great part as a refuge for the very poor. But it is remarkable how the clothes, sent by the "West End" for charitable purposes, are usually too large for the men or lads who receive them. See p. 97 about physique.

Mr. Orwell certainly sees in "Socialism" the only hope for the future: we postpone his definition of it—if we can find one! He considers that its stock is dropping: he fears Fascism—of a camouflaged sort—even for England. Why? Because of bad "socialist" propaganda. The vocal socialist is rootless, town-bred: cranky; hopelessly "middle-class"—"theoretically pining for a classless society," he "clings like glue to his miserable fragments of social prestige" (p. 206, 207; and often). He is bookishly out of touch with the real working man, of whom Mr. Orwell has yet to meet *one* who is "ideologically sound." The theoretic socialist, even when of proletarian origin, ceases to "work" and "squirms into the middle-class via the literary intelligentsia" and then gets a good Union job, if not M.P.-hood. He doesn't believe that the "high-minded" socialists—Shaw, the Sidney Webbs—are really stirred by the misery of millions, nor by true love of liberty, but by (p. 211) a desire for national *tidiness*, unless indeed you meet sheer hatred, as in Barbusse, or ex-prince Mirsky, whose *Intelligentsia of Great Britain* is "viciously malignant"; utters "venomous screams of libel" (p. 213): Mirsky battles *against*; but what *for*? There is *no* really good socialist literature—W. H. Auden is a "sort of gutless Kipling"; the real socialist propagandists "have always been dull, empty windbags—Upton Sinclair, W. Morris" (and so forth).¹ But these arguments of the Advocatus Diaboli are "local and temporary," and "superficial." Still they do show why many dislike what they see and hear of Socialism (p. 218).

More serious: socialists do not read their "adversaries'" minds nor their "spiritual content." Marxists keep letting the "economic cat out of ideological bags" (p. 219): there is a *spiritual recoil* from the vision of a machine-world. (The pages on machinery may be over-sarcastic but contain sound criticism. We cannot summarize them here: they are as bitterly despondent as A. Huxley's "Brave New World," yet realist, in that they agree we cannot pretend that machinery does not exist, or get rid of it; nor certainly can we wish to revert to a palæolithic age. But he also agrees that at present it is Capitalism that "slows down" mechanical progress (p. 239 and the example in the note). We *would* be more mechanized under Socialism.) The upshot is, that Intelli-

¹ Mr. Orwell injures his cause now and again by pointless violence. The expression "creeping Jesus," though familiar, really does hurt those to whom that Name is dear, and can freeze sympathy at its source. Why call Mosley's followers "pimpled"? They are not more so than anyone else! Temper!

gence now "hovers," and when the "pinch" comes, will go towards Fascism.¹ He has now exhibited the mess we are in: why Socialism is disliked: and the lines along which it may hope to reconcile its more intelligent adversaries.

In the last chapter (pp. 249—264) Mr. Orwell therefore asks what one can "do about it"? Socialism must "capture" those more intelligent enemies, so many of whom are "without being aware of it" in sympathy with the "essential aims" of Socialism. But even now we have not had a clear definition of Socialism! True, on p. 253 he suggests that the real socialist "is one who actively wishes to see tyranny overthrown"; this is its "central fact." But that is negative at best: and "tyranny" requires any amount of further defining if it is not to be equated with German or even Italian Fascism, which Mr. Orwell does not wish it to be. Nor is it "dialectical materialism," for which the ordinary socialist has no use: Communism and Fascism are "rats and rat-poison" (p. 254). It is (*ibid.*) a league of the "oppressed against the oppressors": but that is still much too vague. Up and down the book we see that the "profit motive" will have disappeared in the socialist world: work and reward will be duly shared—nor are the manual workers the only proletarians (p. 259). But again and again, he declares that Socialism preaches Justice and Liberty (pp. 246; 252); "the underlying ideal of Socialism is Justice and Liberty"—not even underlying! "It has been buried beneath layer after layer of doctrinaire priggishness . . . and half-baked 'progressivism,' until it is like a diamond hidden under a mountain of dung." "Justice and liberty! *Those* are the words that have got to ring like a bugle across the world" (p. 248). When that happens, faddism will disappear: externals must even now be sacrificed, *e.g.*, the "horrible jargon" that keeps disgusting ordinary men. "Bourgeois ideology"; "proletarian solidarity": "even the single word 'Comrade' has done its dirty little bit of work towards discrediting the socialist movement" (p. 255).

But has Mr. Orwell read any of Leo XIII's Encyclicals; or Pius XI's "Caritate Christi," "Quadragesimo Anno," or "Divini Redemptoris"? He might be given pause on noticing that they are all directly on his subject, use none of the

¹ Fascism is undoubtedly Mr. Orwell's bogey. The best he can say of it is that it does *not* extinguish certain visions, patriotism, religion, etc., and that what is good in it, is also in Socialism. He imagines that Franco is Fascist: he does not mention Portugal. I think that despite his travels his foreign outlook is limited. He pictures a Fascist State as a "world of rabbits ruled by stoats" (p. 248), though he hardly thinks better of Russia.

sort of words he objects to, and constantly talk of just what he emphasizes—Humanity, Soul, Justice, Liberty. I don't suppose he has. He is apt to dislike all "missionaries" and was angry that it was a "complete ass but quite a good fellow" of a Nonconformist American missionary in Burma who rightly said to him: "I wouldn't care to have your job!" (p. 178). He didn't want that from *him*. He detests the "Y.M.C.A. cocoa-drunkard." Y.M.C.A.-ism is to him "nasty." He resents what has no "soul" (p. 246); and what is done in an "inhuman" manner (p. 71, etc.). But what if it is "human" to grab? He thinks that the "typical socialist" is quite likely a "youthful snob-Bolshevik" liable to become Catholic or a "prim little man with a white-collar job," and gives further descriptions and reasons (p. 205). He writes:

Here once again you come upon that queer resemblance between Communism and [convert] Roman Catholicism. If you want to find a book as evil-spirited as the "Intelligentsia of Great Britain," the likeliest place to look is among the popular R.C. apologists. You will find there the same venom and the same dishonesty [though better manners as a rule]. Queer that Comrade Mirsky's spiritual brother should be Father X! The Communist and the Catholic are . . . saying opposite things, and each would gladly boil the other in oil . . . but [to] an outsider they are very much alike (pp. 213, 214).

An angry defensive attitude in which he simply refuses to listen to the socialist case is already quite discernible . . . in most of the R.C. writers. . . Look at the howl of glee that went up from both Catholic and Anglican pulpits over the Fascist rising in Spain (p. 245).

One of the analogies between Communism and Roman Catholicism is that only the "educated" are completely orthodox. [He likes to revert to this: The ordinary man is not a verbal or theoretic expert: the Catholic working man may quite possibly have *The Daily Worker* on his table cheek by jowl with a Catholic paper. Of course he may: why not?] The most immediately striking thing about the English R.C.'s—I don't mean the real Catholics, I mean the converts: R. Knox, Arnold Lunn *et hoc genus*—is their intense self-consciousness. . . They never think, certainly they never write, about anything but the fact that they *are* R.C.'s; this single fact and the self-praise resulting from it form the entire stock-in-

trade of the Catholic literary man. [The poor dear Beachcomber and Chesterton have to say even that tea is "pagan," coffee the "puritan's opium"; but beer, "Catholic." Not even liquor escapes.] (pp. 209, 210).

Had Mr. Orwell's rather acrid sense of humour not just then deserted him, he couldn't have written that. Besides, his facts are all wrong, let alone his psychology. Has Knox indeed written no detective stories? No "Broadcast Minds"? In how much, how very much, he "clicks" with Mr. Orwell! Was that humblest of men, G.K.C., a self-praiser? Are Mr. Lunn's books any more about "self" than this very personal, very self-conscious, one of Mr. Orwell's? Of course not. Is either *The Tablet* or *The Catholic Herald* "venomous"? Certainly not. The former is maybe the best-balanced weekly going; and the latter would absolutely enjoy a hot letter from Mr. Orwell—and so would papers that I know in America, Africa and Australia. He is free as to interpretation of facts: but we *do* want him to know the facts!

Why, then, is he not our ally? And why aren't we his? Because we don't know one another. The advantage would be mutual if we did. He would give us more facts, and, something of his fervour. And we, perhaps, could offer him a more firm philosophy. He is moved by pity; he is "realist" (indeed, I doubt whether the fiercest Catholic has "debunked" our "socialistic" *intelligentsia* more pitilessly than he); and the very first item in Catholic philosophy is that the mind can know, wants to know, and does know "thing," fact, reality. It is not we who shall rebuke him for all that: it was not a Catholic paper that said he would, whether in Wigan or Whitechapel, still "exercise an unerring power of closing his vision to all that is good in order to proceed with his whole-hearted vilification of humanity." Incredible! No doubt, *facit indignatio librum*; and there is a real touch of Juvenal in Mr. Orwell. But it is an indignation due to a genuine affection for his average fellow-man and sorrow that he should be so maltreated. He needs but to know *more* facts (Catholics among them!), and to develop (not weaken) his notions of justice, decency, and liberty by an articulate philosophy. We come back to the exasperating problem—How make *contact* with men like Mr. Orwell?

An idea occurs to us—Another little trip to Wigan wouldn't do him any harm. And then let him make contact with the "Young Catholic Workers," and their assistants, whether

ecclesiastical or lay. And let him also take a sip of Mr. T. S. Gregory, or Mr. Christopher Dawson—converts indeed in whom there is no guile; and indeed of Father D'Arcy even though, not being a convert, he may have to be dubbed no "real" Catholic: and then, to observe a group of working-men at serious grips with—I won't say "ideologies," but firm philosophy, whether social, economic, or psychological—he might do worse than spend a week, in term-time, at the Catholic Workers' College at Oxford. He moves around. It is his job to. Most of us, on the whole, have to "stay put." So it would be easier for him to call on these persons and places, than to expect them to come to him!

C. C. MARTINDALE.

No Cross : no Crown

"Adimpleo ea quae desunt Passionum Christi." (Col. i, 24.)

"WHERE art Thou, Lord?" I murmured, "not in vain
 Thy torment and Thy thirst, and more, one least
 Red jewel from Thy crown than e'en increased
 A million-fold men's debt; yet men remain
 Rebels, unheeding that their pride hath ta'en
 Thee from their hearts to sink them to the beast.
 Is Thine hand shortened? Hath Thy wisdom ceased,
 That of Thy blood-shedding this is the gain?"

"Nay," saith the Master, "rather where are ye,
 My brethren? Still I tread the press alone.
 The people come not—is the Way then known?
 The people perish—have they seen the Life?
 My toils are o'er; then yours the further strife,
 O ye, who, serving, so would reign with Me!"

T. KING.

BIOLOGY AND RELIGION

“**T**HERE are many indications to-day,” Professor J. Arthur Thomson has said, “that we are at the beginning of a new era—the era of biological control, when for the first time on a large scale mankind is turning to the life-sciences (in addition to Medicine), and saying : ‘Show us what you can do for us in the way of betterment.’ ” And he adds : “Sporadically in recent years Biology has been consulted by physicians, educationalists, practical men, and even statesmen ; there are signs, we think, that it is soon going to be appealed to more generally by educated humanity, seeking life more abundantly.”

The growing influence of this science on human affairs generally cannot be denied. It is particularly conspicuous in statecraft, where the very terms used have biological associations. The conception of the State as an organism whose several parts are to be defined according to the functions they exercise is now becoming familiar and is rapidly displacing the more static and legal conception characteristic of the past. The importance attached to the racial factor in national affairs exemplifies an even more direct biological influence.

It will not be amiss therefore if we ask whether our conception of the Church has undergone revision in the same way and with the same result as that of the State. Here, however, we encounter a difference which might seem to close down further inquiry. For not only is the Church, unlike the State, a divine creation, but its character has been defined for us in terms which we have no authority to change. Passing fashions of thought cannot be expected to have the same effect on a loyal ecclesiology as on views regarding the State. Nevertheless, such “passing fashions” do have an effect inasmuch as they bring to light aspects of revealed truth which may have become obscured. Though they can only exhibit what is implicit in Revelation, yet in doing this they may bring about something like a revolution of thought. Without departing from its original concepts, the Church in every age proves sensitive to the current ideology. We may therefore legitimately seek traces of the effect wrought, in the sphere with which as Catholics we are chiefly concerned, by an influence which, as we have seen, is everywhere else con-

spicuous. If we do this, we shall probably be astonished to discover how "biological" is the language of the New Testament, and be prepared to welcome an attempt to show in what close relation to current modes of thought that language appears to be.

It will be obvious that we are referring chiefly to the modern recovery of the Pauline teaching concerning the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ. We have called it a "recovery" though, as Father Mersch, S.J., has shown in "The Whole Christ," the doctrine has found expression throughout the centuries. If some time after the apostolic age it fell into the background, that was due partly to the fact that Arian heretics used the texts concerned to support their view as to the subordinate position of the Son. As regards the central place which it found in St. Paul's Gospel there can be no doubt. It is not only in those passages of his Epistles which deal explicitly with the Church as a living organism that the Apostle gives evidence of the hold which this conception had on his mind; we find it also in his employment of the term "grace," similar as that is to St. John's use of the word "life." For the grace of God, as he regards it, is not a static possession, a treasure laid up in the soul as goods may be deposited in a safe; it is an energizing power, life-giving and fertilizing, essentially dynamic in character. But it is in the passages which compare the Divine Society to the physical body with its head that his dynamism is most apparent. Life flows from the Head to the members, causing them to grow, enabling them to function according to their several roles. But the Head not only builds up the Body; it co-ordinates the activities of the members. Death disintegrates; life integrates. And it is this integrating function which the Head exercises. But while It does this, producing order and co-operation, it is not in the way that an efficient organizer may provide legal regulations for the conduct of a society, but as, in the physical body, a mysterious vitality ministers to the health of the whole. St. Paul's emphasis on the energizing, up-building and co-ordinating life of Christ in the Church escapes the least suggestion of an ecclesiastical bureaucracy. Everywhere it indicates the mystical, the spiritual aspect.

And this is the aspect of the Church which is to-day becoming so pronounced as to be regarded as the chief feature in contemporary Catholicism. Its influence is to be seen in the Liturgical Movement which inculcates the essential unity of priest and people, and encourages the latter to cultivate a

devotion which is at one and the same time intelligent and social. The growth of liturgical worship on the part of the laity is both an effect of this conception of the Church as the Mystical Body, and a cause enabling the faithful to realize its meaning and fulfil its implications.

In Germany, where the movement appears to be exceptionally strong, it is regarded as a powerful educative force—a providential discovery in a country where the customary form of instruction has been made difficult.

When we study the history of recent thought [says Hermann Franke in "The Salvation of the Nations"] we are struck by the fact that the present awakening of the German nation has been preceded for some decades by a movement within the life of the Church, which has striven to bring into the foreground of a living faith the objective values of the Liturgy of the Church, its intrinsically social character and its insistence on the paramount claims of the "we" in preference to those of the "I." . . . An undue stress upon the abstract side of Christianity had to a great extent barred the way to the living sources. In the year 1930 a non-Catholic student of the psychology of religion raised the suggestion that what our youth wanted was not religious instruction, but religious life in ritual and ceremonial worship. At the same time an educationalist pointed out that we cannot satisfy young minds with mere speculative truths, but only by inducing them to yield themselves to God. It began to be realized that "religious instruction" can be imparted better and more profoundly in liturgical worship than by purely didactic methods.¹

We must make allowance for the circumstances under which Franke writes, for it would not do to press too far the anti-thesis which he institutes between instruction and the development of life through ritual and ceremonial worship. The anti-thesis is partly an unreal one, for these are complementary to each other. Nevertheless, his statement, though not to be accepted with uncritical enthusiasm, is valuable as helping to adjust a balance which, in the past, may have been tilted too far in the direction of abstract instruction. It points to a closer alliance between the priest, the preacher and the teacher. A form of instruction which interpreted the Church's supreme Act of Worship could without difficulty relate the

¹ London: Coldwell. Pp. 114—116. 1938.

whole body of Catholic Truth to that central "ganglion" and, in so doing, vitalize the subject.

But it is in what is specifically known as Catholic Action that the biological conception of the Church (as an organism destined, through its connexion with Christ as the Source of its life, to grow by penetrating and assimilating its social and industrial environment) is best seen. Here we have a truly integral and dynamic view of Christianity which, again and again, in the terms employed to describe its ideals and methods, reminds us of the science under discussion. It has even appropriated the word "cell" to indicate the unit of the organism through which growth is effected. In the grouping of members according to vocation we see, on the religious plane, the same regard for function that is manifested in the sociology of our time. From the standpoint of Catholic Action, the Church is indeed a functional society. It would be a great mistake to regard Catholic Action as but another organization added to the long list of those already engaged in Catholic activities. Is it not rather the whole Church regarded as the Mystical Body of Christ and, as such, called upon to participate in the apostolate of its Head? That apostolate is not to be described by the word propaganda, or at least the use of that term is apt to be misleading. We should be safer to refer it to those passages where Our Lord likens the Kingdom of God to a seed which multiplies itself, and to yeast which, buried in the dough, causes the whole to ferment. The methods by which the Church extends itself, as Abbot Vonier has pointed out, have nothing in common with Protestant missions. It is the organism of the Church itself which, merely through being established in a given locality, grows by absorbing its human environment. Thus the Church, through Catholic Action, penetrates and transforms the *milieux* in which its lay members are employed. The conception, it will be seen, is pre-eminently biological.

The interpretation of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ is, at the same time, a reinterpretation of Christianity as a whole. This is clearly seen and forcibly stated by Father Mersch, S.J. Speaking of the doctrine in question he says on a concluding page :

It penetrates everywhere; one by one all our dogmas have been linked by Scripture or by Tradition to this central truth. It is as if it were the principle supporting the arguments of the Fathers, the refutation of heresies, the proofs of dogmas; upon it the inspired writers and

the witnesses of the Faith have based their ascetical counsels and their rules for Christian living. What a flimsy structure all this would be, if the truth of the Mystical Body were just a metaphor, or a vague, inaptly expressed idea !

It is in the same strain that the admirable pamphlet on "The Mystical Body of Christ," by Father Bellanti, S.J.,¹ ends :

The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ does indeed comprehend all Christianity [he says]. In its light all mysteries are transformed into the one supreme mystery of God's Love, and through their all-but transparency this love glows so radiantly that the stumblings of life, the images and shadows along our way, the dark oppressiveness of present evil and recurring temptations weigh the less heavily on our minds for that our hearts are so enlarged.

In particular, will the doctrine under consideration prove its value in interpreting the mystery of the Atonement. This has been stated in the past, and is still stated sometimes by Protestant theologians in a way so exclusively legal as to sound somewhat harsh to modern ears. Without impugning its orthodoxy, we may say that to replace this forensic conception with one which reveals how, by His Offering of Himself on the Cross, Christ made it possible for us to be incorporated with Him in His Mystical Body and thus to become truly divinized, is to give a new attractiveness to Christian Truth. From the point of view of the apostolate to the modern world, such a reinterpretation is essential, for that world is realistic rather than legalistic. It is showing itself in all its concerns, but especially in its sociology, fiercely hostile to everything that is too formal or too abstract. St. Paul's teaching concerning the New Race created by incorporation with Christ and the possibility of being grafted into it, while biological in character, is particularly calculated to appeal to a generation so responsive to racial ideas as ours has shown itself to be. It is the firm conviction of the present writer that apologetics has no more effective weapon than a mystical interpretation of Catholic Christianity. Here we are at the core of our Faith and are at the same time enabled to create a sympathetic atmosphere in which the prejudices, only too often stimulated by reference to abstract doctrines and his-

¹ Published by the Catholic Truth Society.

torical controversies, will be disarmed. For good or evil, our age is obsessed with the ideas conveyed by words like "life," "organic," "integration." The concepts of biology have become common property. Not only the man of science, abandoning his former static theories, but the man in the street speaks now in terms borrowed from the science named. Whether it be the nature of matter or the ordering of States which is under discussion, the same tendency makes its appearance. The need of translating the Faith into a language familiar to our generation makes biology an important study.

This suggests that the doctrine of the Mystical Body has a further opportunity of proving its relevancy to contemporary life. In his Preface to the English translation of Father Mersch's work, Dr. Husslein, S.J., writes :

The doctrine of our common incorporation into Christ, our divinization as members of the Incarnate Word, the mystery of our life as Christians united with Christ, our Head, and knit together with each other as cell to cell and joint to joint in one body, in brief "the mystery of Christ in us," must be made operative in the world to-day, must become a mighty motive power in the civil, social, and economic life of our age no less than in our religious devotions. In it we possess the divinely given means whereby, joined to our human endeavour, we should be aided most powerfully in the world-embracing task of solving our social questions, of ending our unhappy wars, and of creating the only possible millennium of which this earth is capable. With this doctrine, too, as we are repeatedly told, every other dogma of our Holy Faith is connected, "giving each new truth a meaning for the interior life and a new lesson to guide the actions, thoughts, and affections of men." Nothing, therefore, could be of higher practical value than our complete immersion in this important truth.

It is sometimes suggested that the most useful study for thoughtful Catholics to-day is that of sociology. The application of Catholic teaching to the social and international problems of the day being, we are told, the most pressing task laid upon us, we must consider it our first duty to see that we are adequately equipped with a knowledge of social science. To the prime importance of sociology, however, there are two objections. In the first place, the statement does not sufficiently guard us against a type of sociology which represents

the State as an organization rather than as an organism¹ and which aims therefore at a mechanical efficiency, destructive of personality. A good deal of Socialist planning has been of this kind, and the tendency described was particularly characteristic of the Fabian School which flourished some thirty or forty years ago. Its effects to-day can be best seen in the woodenness of Labour programmes. Another defect is that the view in question considers only the application of Catholic *principles* to society, whereas a preliminary to any real influence on society must be the renewal of faith in the Church itself as a living organism. Social teaching needs to be integrated with mystical theology and liturgical worship. It is the impact of the Church as a whole, revitalized by a fresh appreciation of its own true nature, on a secularized society which is required, and not merely instruction in a code of abstract rules. The social Encyclicals can be made effective only as they are seen to emanate from a Society wherein their principles are actually operative. Society will not be renewed by following a plan but by imbibing a Life—the Life of the Mystical Body injected into the veins of a corrupt civilization. The Church as Teacher cannot be separated from the Church as worshipping and as living in accordance with its own divine economy. There must be vital contact between the Mystical Body—the Whole Christ, as Father Mersch would say—and the Society which needs salvation, and this can be effected through those vocational groups envisaged by Catholic Action as invading the world and communicating their own mystic secret. In other words, the treatment must be not merely educational but by infusion. In order to prove successful sociologists, we need to know the Laws of Life and to possess and impart the creative Force that is Life. Spiritual Biology is the term which, it seems, best describes the science needed for our purpose.

From these considerations it will appear how important for dealing with the contemporary situation is the parable of physical biology which already is playing so large a part in directing twentieth-century thought. Nor is it a minor consideration that it was the germ of this science which, long centuries before it became a science, dominated the mind of the great Apostle to the Nations.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

¹ Although taking note of the change indicated, the Catholic sociologist cannot wholly endorse it. In the physical organism the parts exist only through and for the whole, whereas in a Catholic community individual personalities and domestic groups have an independent value. The difference is well stated in Gruden's "The Mystical Christ," pp. 30–32.

THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND

A TALE OF UGANDA, FOUNDED ON FACT

THE women said that Sarah was a fool to act as she did, but the priest said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Sarah was known merely as "Paul's dull wife," so, although later on Paul was called merely "Sarah's husband," we had better begin by introducing Paul.

This young Muganda was a paragon of virtue. When he became a Christian, he truly left all his pagan ways, and wishing to lead others along the road he had travelled, he became a catechist. He never tired of good works. Instructing the children every morning, bringing light and joy to the old and the sick as he went from hut to hut throughout the long afternoons, he still found time, at night, to teach the young men and women who had been at their work during the day.

He lived ten miles from the mission, yet seldom did a Christian die without the sacraments. Many was the night that Paul went through the bush on his errands of mercy, trusting God to keep lions and leopards from his path, and not even a thunder-storm could keep him in his hut when duty called him elsewhere.

People said that it was a pity that such a handsome, clever, energetic young man should have taken to wife so plain and so dull a creature as Sarah. True, she excelled in cultivating a banana plantation and cooking a man's food, and one man was heard to argue, "what else was a wife for?"

Yet there were women who said that Sarah was a fool to spoil her husband as she did. She did not grumble when Paul came very late for meals, and when he went out at night she, too, rose from her bed to prepare some hot tea against his return. Then if he were caught in the rain, he would find a clean and warmed shirt and *kansu* ready for him to put on when he got back. But Sarah was dull, she could not converse with a man like Paul. Still, Paul was very busy and he did not trouble himself very much about Sarah's dullness.

All went well with them until Paul fell sick. The priest visited him and seeing that he was very ill indeed, he decided to send him to the only hospital, which was at Kampala, the

capital, eighty miles away. It was a most unusual thing to do, but there were few doctors in the country in those days, and the priest rightly thought that, as Paul had served the mission so well, he deserved to receive all the care that could be provided for him.

Sarah, the poor dull creature, did not seem to appreciate what was being done for her husband. Or, perhaps, she knew Paul better than the priest did. Anyhow, she said: "Do I not nurse him well, that you send him amongst strangers, Sebo?"

"Sarah," answered the priest, "no one could care for him as well as you do. But Paul has a strange disease. I have no medicines to make him well. I send him to the Muzungu (European) doctor who knows all the remedies."

"The capital," said Sarah, "is a 'ennyumba kisaka.'"¹

"Now Sarah," answered the priest, "you have foolish fears. Paul is a good man and a strong man. You will see that the town holds no danger for him."

"Kale (all right)," said Sarah in the tone of one accepting something against her will.

That evening, Paul lay on his mat near the fire and he began absent-mindedly to place little sticks on the glowing ashes. Smoke had filled the hut when Sarah entered with the stretcher-bearers.

"Paul, my husband," said Sarah, "why do you put green wood on the fire?"

These were the only words that Sarah spoke to Paul before they took him away, for she went outside and wept alone.

The weeks sped by and grew into months, but Paul did not return. The priest sent a messenger to the missionaries at Kampala, but the man soon returned, saying that Paul had left the hospital, but no man knew whither he had gone.

Then Sarah herself sent a messenger. This boy was a very long time absent, but at last he returned with news which was a shock to the priest. Paul had left the hospital. He had been well nursed by a very beautiful woman who indeed had cared for him so well that she would not let him go. She had taken Paul to her house. Nor did Paul seem anxious to escape from her. He liked the gay life of the capital very much, and the messenger feared that above all he liked the beautiful

¹ A thicket house. A Uganda proverb. A thicket conceals what it contains, like an ordinary house. One approaches it unsuspecting, but a wild animal may leap out and devour one.

nurse. Paul was working for an Indian who mended motor-cars in Kampala.

Sarah showed no sign of emotion. She stood quite still for a long time, then she said, "Kale." She rolled a few things into a bundle and she walked to Kampala.

She returned alone and went to the priest.

"Sebo, I went to Paul. He will not come home. I told him I had not come for my own sake, but for his. He will lose his soul in the capital. A wild animal has taken him. I told him that I shall be waiting for him here, until I die."

Uganda was still practically a pagan country, and it required no little courage for a woman to remain true to a long-absent husband, especially to one who had deserted her. So the priest saw how deep was the heart of Sarah and how solid her faith and virtue.

She waited, but Paul did not return that year, nor the next, and Sarah was no longer called "Paul's wife," but just Sarah. Now and again she would go to the priest and ask him to say a Mass for Paul.

"Still hoping?" the priest would sometimes ask, sadly.

"He saved too many souls to lose his own, Sebo," Sarah would answer.

The White Sisters opened a hospital at Villa Maria, quite close to Sarah's village, and there she was trained to look after the sick. One day a strange woman was brought into the hospital with pneumonia. She had European clothes with her, and said she was only on a visit in the district.

One night as Sarah watched by this woman's bed, the Sister came and said: "Now Sarah, I can go to rest. If you keep her warm in bed, with the clothes well over her, and keep the hot-water bottles near her, she will get well. If the cold touches her, she will die."

In the middle of the night Sarah changed the hot-water bottles and the woman awoke.

"Will you send for my man?" she asked. "I want to see him before I die."

"You will not die," said Sarah. "The Sister said you will get well. Yesterday she thought you might die, but not today. You must keep warm, that is all. But, if you wish to see this man, I shall send for him at daybreak."

"Kale," said the woman. "His name is Paul Kagwa and he works at Kampala for the Indian who mends motor-cars."

Poor, dull Sarah did not move. She gave no sign that she knew this man. She stood looking stupidly at the woman.

"How silly is this woman," thought the patient, and she said: "Did you not hear me?"

"I heard," said Sarah. But still she stood looking at the woman.

She seemed to hear again some of the Sister's words: "If the cold touches her, she will die." Sarah felt herself tempted to go to the bed to drag down the bed-clothes and pull the hot-water bottles from around the woman and fling them into a corner. "Then the woman will die, and Paul will be free," she thought.

The woman moaned and Sarah came to herself. Thank God she had not touched the bed. She shuddered. "I have a devil in me," she thought. She ran from the room, and the message to Paul was sent.

But Paul did not come. He would not have admitted it, even to himself, but he was afraid to come. Afraid to face the priest he might meet, and the people he knew. Afraid above all of meeting Sarah. Imagine Paul afraid of Sarah! No! he would not have admitted that.

The woman got well, and, when she was leaving the hospital, she went to Sarah to thank her for her good care.

"This man, Paul Kagwa," asked Sarah, "he comes from these parts?"

"Yes, he is a Buddu man. Do you know him?"

"A little. 'Omulaba' " (Salute him for me.)

"I shall salute him for you." She went off and Sarah stood, as usual, looking stupidly after her.

The woman told Paul that a nurse, Sarah, had asked after him.

"Sarah? Is that all she said?"

"Why should she say more? Is she so well known to you?"

"Sarah is the wife you know of, that I left for you."

"Your wife? It is lucky for me that she no longer wants you. She would have killed me."

"Yes," said Paul despicably, for he knew it to be a lie. "She does not want me. The night I was taken away ill, people said: 'Paul will die.' Sarah said: 'Why do you put green wood on the fire?' That is all she said. Not even 'Good-bye.' " But Paul was but making excuses for himself.

He appeared to be prosperous but he was not. He earned good money, but it was all spent on showy clothes and gay

parties. He was even much in debt. Then the thing happened, which is so commonplace that even the Baganda have reduced it to a proverb. "Banange bangi nga tonagwa wabi" (You have many friends so long as you have not fallen into adversity), they say.

Paul went to a party and got very drunk. He took a friend's motor-cycle and killed a man on the pathway in the middle of the town. Then he went to prison for three years.

For a long time nobody came to see him and no message reached him. Then, one day, he was called to see a visitor—a woman, he was told. He came running, expecting to see his "nurse," but he saw no one but poor Sarah. Paul was so disappointed that he became angry. "Go away," he shouted. He turned away himself and Sarah was left alone.

She did not visit him again, because she did not wish to make him angry, but she sent little things he was allowed to have. Paul accepted them before asking who had sent them.

"Sarah sent them," said the boy who had brought the presents.

When Paul left prison he could not find work. People do not like men who have been in prison, about the place. Paul's friends did not relish it either, for, when Paul went to one or another to ask for help, they either laughed at him or hurried off to keep important engagements.

Paul thought now of Sarah almost all the time. But he could not bring himself to go back to her. He was too proud to humble himself before a peasant woman. He thought: "When I get money and good clothes, I shall go to see her." He felt quite magnanimous towards the poor creature.

Sarah was always thinking of Paul. At least she saw him in her mind. Most of her ideas came in concrete form. If the things she saw were good, she did them, if they were bad, she turned away from them, as she had turned away from killing the woman that night in the hospital.

One Sunday, she went to Mass as usual, and she heard the priest read the story of the Prodigal Son. She had heard it very often before, but had not noticed anything particular about it. But this morning, while the priest preached, Sarah could "see" Paul in her mind coming towards her. She gave him food and clean clothing, and he stayed with her and she looked after him very well. She did not see herself making a fuss about it like the good father of the Gospel, but acting just as she had acted before Paul went away.

But who was to persuade Paul to come home? She knew now what she would do when he came, but would he come? It did not occur to her to go to him again. Clever people might have done that, but one thought at a time was already a good deal for poor, dull Sarah. Then in her mind she saw Paul reading the same story.

She went to the priest and bought a book of the Gospels and took it home; then she called a boy who went to school, and asked him to show her where the story began and where it ended. "Now read it to me," she said, just to make sure it was the right one. When the boy had gone, she took the knife with which she peeled bananas and cut out the story. She could not write a word, so she put the slip of paper into an envelope, called the boy who knew where Paul was, and giving him a "present," she sent him with the letter.

Paul read the story and wondered what it meant, coming from Sarah. He, too, had read the story very often in the old days. He had always seen himself as the forgiving father, never, never as the wicked son. He suddenly became angry. So Sarah, that silly creature, wanted to crow over him. She looked upon him as a failure who would now come whining to her for forgiveness. Well, she was wrong. Later on, he managed to find a meal and was no longer angry. So he thought more sensibly about the thing. No, Sarah was far too stupid to think out a thing like that. She had heard the story read to her, she had liked it and sent it to him to enjoy also. Sarah was a good soul. She had a very nice little banana plantation. That meant good food every day. No doubt also, she had saved the money she earned as a nurse. She still remembered him. She still looked up to him and never came worrying him or shaming him before people.

As his need grew greater, he thought he would go back, "just to see her, not to stay." Not to ask for anything, but just to say "thank you" for the things she had sent. It would be an honour for Sarah to have him come to thank her. He need not humble himself at all. A man can say thank you and still be an important man. Why, even the King said thank you to a peasant who did something for him.

Poor Paul! How proud he was, yet how humble at heart. He knew perfectly well that he was trying to throw dust in his own eyes. He knew perfectly well that he needed Sarah, and that it was Paul and not Sarah who would be honoured when they met.

He reached the village one evening just before dark. He was worn and tired and very hungry. An old man before his time. He found Sarah's hut without difficulty; for did she not always have a little bed of flowers in front of her door, planted in the form of a cross? He crept to the low door and peeped within. No one was there. A little fire glowed under a pot upon which bananas were being steamed for the evening meal. He crawled into the hut, and drawing up a mat, lay down on it near the fire. Absent-mindedly he began to place little sticks on the glowing ashes. He did not notice that the smoke was filling the hut.

Sarah was across the way bringing eggs to an old woman who, when she saw the smoke, said: "Sarah, look at the smoke in your hut, is it catching fire?"

Sarah ran home, and as she ran, she thought of Paul, for had he not smoked out the house on the very evening he was taken away?

She crawled into her home and saw the man lying on the mat. Her heart beat wildly and she stood in her usual stupid-looking attitude, gazing at Paul. Then at last she spoke.

"Paul, my husband, did I not tell you just now not to put green wood on the fire?" How wrong people had been to think that Sarah was stupid.

For Paul was now entirely conquered. He tried to speak but he sobbed. At length he whispered.

"Sarah, my wife, it was not just now, it was twenty years ago."

"So," answered Sarah, granting complete forgiveness, "you are still sick, that you say strange things. It was but a moment ago."

A. E. HOWELL.

Candlemas

AT Candlemas our Lady goes
A fragrant Lily 'mid the snows,
A Solace in a world of woes.

At Candlemas with offerings
Of doves, her Purity she brings
To Temple courts with heart that sings;

With heart that sings; and in her eyes
Of Maiden-Motherhood there lies
The Silence of God's mysteries.

M. WINTER WERE.

CATHOLICS AND AMERICAN LABOUR

[Readers of the American Catholic Press, while recognizing the vigorous fight Catholics are making for social justice, are apt to be puzzled by finding an acute division of opinion amongst leading Catholics concerning the two great bodies which represent organized Labour in the States—the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. The following paper by a former co-editor of the *Christian Front* throws light on the reasons for this divergence.]

WITH the "American Federation of Labour" locked in bitter struggle with the "Congress of Industrial Organizations," Catholics in America would readily agree with the observation of Leo XIII, "Christians are born for combat." The struggle of the rival unions for domination of the American labour movement has been a challenge to American Catholics, ever since the issues multiplied beyond the original one of industrial unionism (C.I.O.) *versus* crafts unionism (A.F.L.). By dividing sympathies it has introduced some confusion into the campaign for carrying out sociological reform on the lines of "Quadragesimo Anno" on which Catholics are now earnestly embarked, and it may be well to take stock of the character of the conflict so as to determine the main features of Catholic endeavour for justice and peace. What Catholics can best do in the present circumstances cannot easily be discovered till the heat of battle has died down. Still, some account can be taken of the attitude, whether actual or projected, of Catholics towards the fight between C.I.O. and the A.F.L.; such an accounting may help to suggest how Catholics will best help to bring about a realization of their ideals.

Testimony to the growth of Catholic influence in the field of labour is found in the frantic overtures made to Catholics by the Communist Party, and in the courting of Catholic favour by both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. Labour leaders and their agents have "discovered" the social Encyclicals and are making the best of their discovery—the Papal statements are excellent propaganda in a Catholic community. Moreover, labour leaders find they can no longer afford to ignore Catholic opinion; whether or not they like all of it, they recognize it as a factor to be reckoned with.

Probably the largest single factor in bringing Catholic opinion directly into the labour arena in an effective way was the advent of the C.I.O. Catholic opinion on labour was largely detached and apathetic until the C.I.O., led by its blustering, Bible-and-Shakespeare-quoting leader, John L. Lewis, virtually broke with its parent, the A.F.L. in 1936. Catholic papers had their say on labour questions; they sounded warnings against racketeering in unions, irresponsibility in striking, and other disorderly developments; they defended the right to organize, and in other ways took the part of the working man, but in pre-C.I.O. days their efforts were largely ignored, no one bothered to reprint and circulate statements from the Catholic Press; no great "bally-hoo" attended Catholic statements on labour. Came the C.I.O., and the scene changed: a statement, even a sentence, favouring unionization in principle, or some particular union, and the labour Press immediately turns out reprints in its own periodicals or in handbill form. This generous advertisement of Catholic opinion in secular labour circles was shared in by the Communist *Daily Worker*, in pursuance of the trend of party opinion. Not only the Holy Father, but the humblest "sociological" curate can count on a good report in this much-read organ, provided they support unionization in some difficult field. For the right of the worker to unite, long ago recognized by law and custom in Europe, is still opposed in the States by various sections of industry.

Accordingly, the leaders of the two unions, casting about everywhere for support, have brought the Catholic Press into a new prominence, a new position of influence. For obvious reasons, not all Catholic papers are quotable by labour leaders, but, even though some Catholic editors maintain a somewhat critical attitude towards both the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., enough material in favour of one or the other can often be garnered.

Some idea of the causes of strife in American labour can be gained by a summary of Catholic criticism of both camps in labour. Fault is found with A.F.L. leadership for its weak-kneed defence of labour rights, and for tyranny in internal control. The A.F.L. is further criticized for neglecting to organize the unskilled, and for its establishment of an aristocracy of skilled and socially-detached workers, and it is maintained that a far-sighted labour policy on the part

of the older organization could have averted the actual split with the C.I.O.

The A.F.L. reply to these complaints has not been a very convincing one. For the most part it has consisted of a recital of gains made by American labour under A.F.L. leadership, long before the coming of the C.I.O. The reply is inadequate inasmuch as criticism is directed not so much against the past record of the A.F.L. as against its present policies. The A.F.L., in further self-defence, points to its vigorous denunciations of Communism, and contrasts its anti-Communist attitude with the silence or ambiguous words of C.I.O. leaders on the same menace. The final argument, however, of critics of the A.F.L. is that its inefficiency is proved by the coming into existence of the C.I.O.

Criticism of the C.I.O. fastens on four grounds of complaint—Communism, violence, disregard of contracts, dictatorial leadership. And as the C.I.O. is at present carrying on an extensive and intensive organization drive, it is more in the limelight and has to bear the brunt of adverse criticism.

In estimating the force of criticism of the C.I.O., one must bear in mind variable factors, such as may win friends for it in one place, and enemies in another; among these we may cite the local conditions of labour, racial and religious differences, attitude of the Press, attitude of local authorities, the presence of extremists; such circumstances alter the situation in the various parts of the country. This accounts in part for the confusion of Catholic opinion on the movement. What is said by a diocesan paper in one area may not apply to the C.I.O. in another. Other facts which serve to divide Catholic opinion are to be found in the movement itself: the presence of well-known Catholics in the C.I.O. leadership, and in the rank and file, and the equally conspicuous association of notorious communists with the body, leading on the one hand to attacks on it by some Catholic commentators, and on the other, to commendation of it by equally respected Catholic leaders.

To turn now to the above charges made against the C.I.O.: as regards its communist connexions the C.I.O. replies that it is not responsible for the presence of communists in any particular plant: that is a matter which concerns the owners who hire them: the C.I.O.'s business is to organize whoever is there. Moreover, there are communists in the A.F.L. also, notably in the Teachers' Union.

The charge of violence, the C.I.O. rebuts by saying that such violence is not of its making, but is brought on by company-hired strike-breakers and *agents provocateurs*. To the charge of reckless breach of contracts, the C.I.O.'s answer is that, while several contracts have been faithfully observed, others were broken merely through inexperience on the part of company and union representatives. Finally, the charge of autocracy is denied, since the C.I.O. is essentially a rank-and-file movement, and since the rank-and-file are well represented in executive control.

Notwithstanding these pleas it would seem that the C.I.O. has not yet been able to overcome all Catholic opposition. Some shifting of opinion shown in calmer criticism did set in last year, following a number of statements made by John Brophy and Philip Murray, Catholic executives in the C.I.O., together with others made by Bishop Lucey of Amarillo and Father Raymond McGowan of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Articles and editorials throwing light on the background of the C.I.O. and its purposes also helped to calm the troubled waters to some extent, but, owing mainly to the subversive element in its membership which apparently it cannot silence, expel or control, Catholics to whom Communism in all its manifestations is Public Enemy No. 1, still regard the movement with suspicion, if not hostility.

Hence the persistence of two prevalent Catholic attitudes towards this movement for working-class betterment. One, perhaps the more conspicuous, is quick to point out every new evidence of Red activity in the C.I.O., to call for a drastic purge of membership, with the result that Catholic membership of the C.I.O. is discouraged. The other and smaller group take their stand on the high aims of the body and on the fact that, since the C.I.O. is a legitimate union organization of workers, Catholics are free to support its objects by becoming members. To the fact that such membership may be dangerous, in so far as in some unions it would put Catholics under communist leadership, their reply is that the ecclesiastical authorities have not so far condemned the C.I.O., which shows that for a good purpose the above risk may be run. At the same time this group would urge that Catholics, when joining a purely secular union like this, should also join a Catholic working man's association.

Both Catholic groups are agreed that Leftist domination in certain unions has created a difficult and delicate problem

for the Catholic working man. Catholics may walk with communists on a picket-line without any religious question rising, but the Catholic unionists are put in an embarrassing position when their "left" comrades in their meetings pass resolutions in support of the Spanish Reds. Their adverse vote gets no publicity, and thus they share the blame which the union receives from the Catholic Press.

In view of such awkward possibilities, should Catholic workers sever contact with their fellows and lose whatever benefits the organization may win for the cause of Labour? Or should they, in the hope of supporting the doubtful and converting the hostile, remain in such Red-infected unions and do their best to wean them from the alien, non-democratic party-line machinations of communist politicians? And for this end perfect themselves in the knowledge of Catholic social teachings?

Yes or No to these questions is determined, clearly, by the likelihood of success. It is painful to regard certain unions as hopelessly lost to the communists, and so optimists on the question are to be found, chiefly in the ranks of the unionists themselves. Their optimism may be born of their own desires; nevertheless, they speak from experience; they have borne the heat of innumerable union battles, and should know the situation better than those on the outside.

The result of this variety of opinion is naturally a variety of tactics. Those who despair of rescuing the unions from the Left indulge in what their opponents term "Red-baiting" and "union-busting." Catholics who are already members of the C.I.O., or intending to join, complain of such action since it tends further to divide the ranks of labour, already weakened by the infiltration of Communism. Already Leftists have split more than one union, through their quarrels in support of Stalin, Trotsky, Lovestone or Thomas, or through fights waged in the attempt to divert union funds to the cause of Red Spain. Other fights engineered by communists have in view control of the union, as lately in Detroit. Stalinists have made themselves so obnoxious in various unions that coalitions, sometimes led by Catholics, have been formed to defend democracy; often with success, as when feeling against communists ran so high in the National Maritime Union that the anti-communist faction swept the communists out of office, both figuratively and physically.

Accordingly, it becomes clear that it is not the wisest policy

to leave C.I.O. unions, even when they seem for a time to have been captured by communists. If the latter have been driven out of some unions or at least deprived of control, there seems no reason why the same desirable consummation may not be achieved by constitutional methods in all. Constant exposure of communist tactics—their conspiracies, their endeavours to divert union funds to party ends, and their reckless belligerency—should in the end convince the non-Catholic unionist that neither peace nor justice can be secured by such allies.

Here, then, is what Catholics, with their keen sense of the moral issues and their zeal for justice, can unite to accomplish in union councils. For the Catholic worker to leave an active fighting body like the C.I.O. is not only to forgo the protection and advancement of his rights which it affords, but also to lose the chance of restoring regard for Christian morality to industrial disputes.

In spite, therefore, of the present division of opinion, we do not doubt that the only body with a clear and definite code of social principles will become increasingly influential amongst the unorganized workers for whom the C.I.O. caters. Already Catholic priests, laymen and women are invited to address their meetings. Priests have also been asked to mediate in disputes, and have been welcomed as speakers to union council meetings. Great good in breaking down prejudice arising from anti-clericalism has resulted from such work, and one can now truthfully say that the Church in America is indeed reaching the working man. Credit for this advance is due in large part to the schools of social action established for their clergy by the bishops of many large dioceses. "Graduates" of these schools are now in demand as speakers, advisers and mediators.

Catholic influence is also being extended into the labour field through schools for working men. Some of these are conducted by regular clergy, others by Catholic colleges, and others by working men themselves, as in the schools under the direction of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

The latter organization brings Catholic influence to bear more directly through its weekly paper, *The Labour Leader*, through its free legal aid, the "Catholic Labour Defence," and through the conciliatory and advisory work of its officers and members.

At present, the only prophecy which can be made about

the future of American labour is that there will be a period of bitter strife, with C.I.O. and A.F.L. unions battling for the right to represent workers—a strife in which the workers will be the chief sufferers. The situation was only aggravated by the final and definitive split between C.I.O. and A.F.L., at the C.I.O. convention in Pittsburgh in December, 1938. At that convention the C.I.O. ratified a constitution, and established itself as a body completely independent of the A.F.L. American working men are now faced with a puzzling choice between the two unions, each of which is in various degrees imperfect, and far below the standards demanded by Catholic social principles. It is paradoxical that such a conflict should divide labour at the very time when the Federal Government is doing its utmost to free labour from unjust restrictions.

For the present it seems that the role of Catholicism in the field of labour will be largely a redemptive one: Catholic labour leaders must seek to build on the good elements in both unions. The influence of Catholicism must then be cast against extremism in either body; in this quest for the *via media*, Catholics must assume the delicate and rather thankless task of being objective and notably fair critics of both unions. Anything approaching a Catholic committal to one or the other side in the labour conflict would endanger the progress of the whole Catholic social movement in America, and further delay the establishment of a just social order.

NORMAN MCKENNA.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

THREE SURPRISING MYSTICS

II. ORSOLA BENINCASA

ONE does not perhaps hear so much of the Blue Scapular nowadays, but fifty or sixty years ago it enjoyed a vogue only second to that of the Carmelite Brown Scapular of which St. Simon Stock is the accredited sponsor. There can, in any case, be no doubt that the Blue Scapular is a fully authorized devotion, and that it has been definitely commended to the faithful by the grant of many Papal indulgences.¹ Dating back to the seventeenth century, it is especially connected with the Theatine Order of Clerks Regular, and it owes its origin to a vision of our Lady, as immaculately conceived, said to have been vouchsafed to the nun, Orsola Benincasa, of whom I propose to speak in the present article. Orsola, in her native city of Naples, was the foundress of a new Order of nuns, which, though starting as an independent congregation, was some years later affiliated to the Theatines. The Process of Beatification of our mystic was begun in 1627, and in 1793 a decree was published, attesting the heroicity of her virtues. This entitled her to be called Venerable, but the cause has not proceeded further.

Although attempts have been made to connect the Benincasas of Naples with the family of St. Catherine of Siena, the suggestion rests upon nothing better than the conjecture of pious biographers. Orsola's father was a military engineer concerned with the building of fortifications in southern Italy, but we know little of him and his wife beyond the fact that they were both exceptionally devout Christians. Orsola was their youngest child, and she seems to have owed her name to the fact that she was born on the eve of St. Ursula's day, October 20, 1547. She died at Naples on the same day of the same month in 1618, exactly seventy-one years later. From the age of ten Orsola began to be a problem—and very soon a marvel—in the eyes not only of her family but of crowds of the townsfolk, on account of her extraordinary trances or ecstasies. At first these were regarded as a form of illness and medical aid was invoked, but without any beneficial re-

¹ See, on the Blue Scapular and its history, Beringer-Hilgers, "Die Ablässe, ihr Wesen und Gebrauch," Vol. I, pp. 509—515. 1915.

sult. On the contrary, as time went on, the attacks became more and more frequent. They were preceded by violent palpitations which shook her whole frame and made her garments quiver. Those standing by, we are told, could hear the child's heart thumping against her ribs. When the trance itself came on, she stood like a marble statue, impervious to every form of external disturbance. They pricked her with needles and lancets, they pulled her hair, they pinched her and shook her, they scorched her with a naked flame, but though she felt the effects of this rough treatment afterwards, it produced no impression at the time. In her ecstasies at a somewhat more advanced age, we find the most extraordinary statements made regarding her immobility. "Twenty men," says her biographer Maggio, "could not shift her position,"¹ and although this is, no doubt, a wild exaggeration, quite a number of witnesses who gave evidence in the Beatification Process declared that they had often tried to bend her limbs, or to move her, or to take from her something she held in her hand, but were unable to do so. Many of these deponents, priests as well as nuns, had been in continual association with her for over twenty years, and, as one of them stated, had watched her in her ecstasies *infinite volte*.² It was, in fact, the incredible frequency and duration of these seizures which made the deepest impression upon the memory of those who lived with her. After receiving Holy Communion, which she seems to have done in later days as a rule only three or four times a week,³ she passed into an ecstasy which usually lasted from five to seven hours, but at any time a chance word referring to God's love or the sight of some object of piety was liable to bring about a shorter period of absorption in which she was bereft of the ordinary use of her senses. Many of those who had known her longest describe her life as an almost continual ecstasy. She is said on some occasions to have lost consciousness eight times in the course of a single hour.

I may confess that I am inclined to put confidence in the statements of these witnesses which were made nine or ten years after Orsola's death, during the "informative process" held, as we learn, in the very room of the convent which she

¹ "Compendium Vitae Ursulae Benincasae," p. 13.

² See the "Responsio ad novissimas Animadversiones" in the printed Process, Rome, 1793, pp. 96 iii; 97 x; 98 xix; 99 liv; 107 liv.

³ This limit seems to have been fixed precisely because the recurrence of these prolonged ecstasies was believed to weaken her and endanger her health.

used to occupy. Some of her biographers, gathering information, no doubt at second or third hand, from all sorts of unreliable sources, would have us believe that as a girl she was seen suspended in the air during her ecstasies by a whole congregation in church. This is affirmed by Maggio, by Silos, by Imbert Gourbeyre and others. On the other hand, I cannot find any such suggestion made by those who during long years lived in the same house with her. Several of them, in fact, expressly state that they had never seen her raised from the ground.¹ It is possible that the Italian phrase *levarsi in estasi* may have been misinterpreted to imply some physical elevation, but it means, of course, no more than that she passed into a state of trance. The *extase ascensionelle*, as French hagiographers are apt to term it, is so common a feature in mystical records, that if the witnesses in the Beatification Process had been inclined to give rein to their imagination at the expense of truth, they could hardly have failed to embellish their story with a description of Orsola in her ecstasies rising in the air.

On the other hand, these depositions, while making no claim regarding the occurrence of any levitation phenomena, do include some remarkable statements about other physical features of the case. For example, her nuns declared that while the deprivation of Holy Communion, upon which her confessor sometimes insisted with the idea of diminishing the strain of these constant ecstasies, reduced her to a terrible state of physical prostration and melancholy, the prospect of a reversal of this prohibition, even before it was realized, filled her with extraordinary exultation. At such times musical sounds, which some of the nuns described as like the song of a bird, seemed to come from within her breast. They watched her lips intently but could perceive no kind of movement. She did not sing, they said, but they heard a ravishing harmony which could only have a supernatural origin. Again there were other occasions when she openly sang and danced as with the other nuns she went processionally into the chapel. She would even go right up to the altar and make gestures

¹ For example, the priest Don Vincent Neri deposed: "Io l'hò veduta moltissime volte rapita in estasi . . . è vero che nell' estasi io non la viddi mai elevata da terra, ma immobile e fuori de sensi" (p. 98). Similarly, Sister Angela Raparo, the Superior, who had lived with her for 28 years, and who declared that not a day passed without Orsola falling into ecstasy many times over, nevertheless added "non l'hò visto mai elevata da terra" (p. 100); and the same statement is made by Decio de Liberio, one of her confessors who often took her Communion (p. 108).

with her fingers as if she were playing the organ upon the altar table, a sweet harmony, a *guisa di voce angelica*, being audible all the time.¹ One Christmas day the Spanish Viceroy in Naples, the Conde di Lemos, came to pay her a visit of courtesy. He found her singing a carol before a figure of the Divine Infant. She was entirely absorbed in her act of homage and she only turned to him to say: "Why don't you sing too? Sing with me," and the witness declares that her persuasiveness was such that the Viceroy had to comply.² As usually happens, these incidents, narrated in comparatively sober terms by the eye-witnesses who gave evidence in the Process, were considerably magnified by her panegyrists who wrote at a later date. Silos, Görres and Imbert Gourbeyre declare that a sound came from within her breast which was like that of an organ being played.

Even more surprising, though not without parallel in the case of many other mystics,³ were the statements made regarding the physical heat which seems often to have been attendant on Orsola's paroxysms of spiritual emotion. Several witnesses amongst her oldest surviving companions—one or two of them had known her for as much as forty years—deposed that to relieve this internal conflagration with which she seemed to be on fire they used to bring her a basin of the coldest water procurable. She put her hands in it to cool them and when they took it away the water was so warm as to be actually steaming, while the basin itself was unpleasantly hot. Moreover, she often seemed to be gasping for breath and there came from her throat a perceptible white smoke as if she had a furnace inside. This is repeated by so many of the nuns and priests that I find it hard to believe that the impression had no foundation in fact.⁴ But perhaps the most

¹ See the "Nova Positio super Virtutibus," p. 78.

² *Ibid.*, p. 74. It would seem that Orsola was not entirely without consciousness of who it was she was addressing, for while she said to the Viceroy in the plural "*perchè non cantate voi?*", she then addressed a priest who came with him, saying in the second person singular: "*perchè non canti tu; questo Signore non è venuto ancora per te?*" The Conde di Lemos was a personage of historical importance and the patron of Cervantes. As he only became Viceroy at Naples in 1612, this incident must have taken place in the last few years of Orsola's life.

³ See THE MONTH, June, 1923, pp. 535—547, "Incendium Amoris." The case of St. Catherine of Genoa is particularly well known.

⁴ See the "Novissima Positio super Virtutibus" in the Process, pp. 100—108. I must content myself with one quotation from the evidence of the priest Arcangelo Palmiero, who was Orsola's confessor as well as her nephew. He stated: "Si vedeva bene che ardeva la Madre Sor Orsola di divino amore, che così se li conosceva in faccia quando ritornava dal' estasi, che se li vedeva la faccia infiammata, e cacciava dalla bocca un fiato denso, come di fuoco, con

curious circumstance of all is the declaration of the nuns, endorsed apparently by medical opinion, that the cause of death in Orsola's case was not any fever or recognized form of disease, but simply the fact that her heart had burnt itself out. It would seem from such evidence as is accessible in the "Novissima Positio super Virtutibus" that the nuns themselves, before the burial of their foundress, opened the body and attempted to extract her heart. They found nothing resembling a heart but only a sort of little purse of burnt-up skin¹ with some fatty tissue and a few drops of blood. The blood was collected by means of a silver spoon and kept in a tiny phial where, as we are told, it remained incorrupt down to the time of the "processus informativus" nine years later. The "purse of burnt-up skin" was preserved and shown to priests and doctors, who seemed to be satisfied that this was all that remained of Orsola's heart; but there is no mention of the presence of any medical witness when the body was opened. One of the nuns who afterwards gave evidence declared that she had not courage to remain in the room when the incision was made (*perchè non avea animo, me ne andai fora di questa camera per non stare presente a quell'atto*) but she afterwards saw the "*pelle piccola e sottile . . . che era brugiata.*" On the other hand, most of the senior nuns seem to have watched the entire operation.²

The volume of the printed Beatification Process from which I have been quoting and for access to which I am greatly indebted to the kindness of the Bollandist Fathers in Brussels, consists mainly of a re-statement of the case presented earlier in support of the heroicity of Orsola's virtues. This re-statement was necessitated by the rather drastic criticisms of the "devil's advocate," the Promoter of the Faith, as he is officially styled. It is interesting to note that these functions were

bocca aperta per refrigerarsi, ed era necessario molte volte portarli bacile d'acqua fresca per metterci la mano per rinfrescarsi, ed io poi ho toccato quell'acqua calda come che si venesse dal fuoco, etiam in tempo d'inverno," p. 108.

¹ "Una borsella di pelle bruciata con alcune pocche goccie di sangue," p. 247.

² See the "Novissima Positio," pp. 246—247. An even more gruesome example of feminine audacity, when spurred on by the desire to do honour to a venerated Superior, is recorded in the case of Blessed Giovanna Maria Bonomo, a Benedictine nun of Bassano, who died in 1670. Six years after her death, some of the nuns disinterred her body by stealth, opened it and, we are told, found no trace of a heart, though blood flowed freely during the operation. See Du Bourg, "Vie" (1910), pp. 240—241. By a regrettable oversight, for which I am alone responsible, no account of this Beata has been given in the revised Butler, but she was a stigmatica and a mystic whose writings had considerable influence. See the "Dictionnaire de Spiritualité," Vol. I, col. 1860.

discharged at that date by Mgr. Charles Erskine, who later on, in the year 1803, was created Cardinal by Pope Pius VII.¹ One gets the impression, from the tone of his "Animadversiones," that Erskine was not particularly impressed by the type of sanctity presented by the ecstatic Orsola Benincasa. As a Scotsman he seems to have had a preference for facts, and he complains that there was a great deal of pure fancy, trivial detail and feminine *Schwärmerei* in the depositions which had been summarized in the introduction of the Cause. No doubt we must not interpret too seriously the objections put forward on such an occasion. They were meant to test the strength of the case and the solidity of the evidence by which it was supported. But I cannot help fancying that Mgr. Erskine was speaking his real mind when we find him remarking towards the end of his argument :

If I am not mistaken we have to deal here with a woman who was extremely imprudent, ambitious, self-centred and undisciplined, whose one aim was to gain popular favour and a reputation for sanctity. If so, no choice is left us but to turn down this application for fear we should give the world outside occasion for mockery by setting up for general imitation a woman whose whole life offers nothing but a spectacle of feminine weak-mindedness and of the delusions of a perverse imagination.²

Erskine further points out that one feature in the accepted story of Orsola Benincasa had already excited the ridicule of Protestants in Germany who refused to believe that her rigidity in her ecstasies was such that she could not be moved by the united strength of twenty men. As regards her alleged lack of humility, keenness for notoriety, etc., I am bound to say that the Postulator of the Cause seems to me to make out a good defence. One can hardly be surprised that upon the evidence presented in the "Novissima Positio" the Congregation of Rites arrived at a favourable decision that Orsola had practised virtue in a heroic degree. But the matter which told most heavily against her and upon which most stress was laid by Mgr. Erskine, was the incident of her journey to Rome in 1582 and the rather unsatisfactory issue of the tests to which she was subjected by St. Philip Neri in order to

¹ It is curious that no mention is made of Cardinal Erskine in the Dictionary of National Biography; but there is an excellent, if brief, notice of him by Dr. Edwin Burton in the Catholic Encyclopædia.

² "Novissimæ Animadversiones R. P. Promotoris Fidei," p. 17.

try her spirit. The laboured defence of the Postulator Causae who devotes nearly one hundred folio pages to this matter is not entirely convincing.

Although there does not appear to be any accessible record of the heavenly secrets imparted to our mystic during her ecstasies, there can be no doubt that she, like all the others, believed herself to have had revelations. The institution of the Blue Scapular seems clearly to depend upon one such communication, real or imaginary. It is also certain that while she was still relatively a young woman, she believed herself commissioned by some divine ordinance to go to Rome and to deliver to His Holiness, Pope Gregory XIII, some message, connected, it is said, with a much-needed reform of the Church. After a long alleged resistance, she set out in the spring of 1582 with one of her sisters and two nephews, and eventually obtained an audience with the Pontiff in the course of which she almost immediately fell into an ecstasy. The Roman authorities were not without suspicion of fraud and a commission was appointed, of which the most conspicuous members were Cardinal Santori and St. Philip Neri, with the object of deciding whether she was one guided by the spirit of God, a deluded fanatic, or a demoniac. It is admitted by all that the trials to which she was subjected were almost incredibly rigorous. St. Philip began by openly treating her as an impostor and inflicted upon her every kind of humiliation. Her friends were denied access to her, she was incarcerated in various convents and was exorcized by the Cardinal. For a time bread and water were the only food allowed her, and she was forbidden to receive the sacraments. A rumour got abroad and spread as far as Naples that it was intended to have her burnt as a witch in league with the devil. She was even stripped of her clothes and subjected to indescribable indignities as witches often were in those days.¹ Nevertheless, Orsola seems to have manifested throughout an extraordinary resignation and humility. The curious thing is that the gentle St. Philip should have shown himself so merciless during the best part of seven months and that he was not apparently satisfied that all was well, even when he finally decided that she could be tested no further and must be allowed to return to Naples. In the thoroughly documented modern Life of

¹ The heading of chapter ix in part 2 of the "Compendium" of Maggio's biography runs as follows: "Detractis vestibis, pilisque omnibus abasis immergi balneo, laxatisque corpore venis, sanguinem profundere cogitur," p. 318. Edition 1658.

Philip Neri by the Abbé Ponnelle, completed after his death by the Abbé Bordet, we read :

He [St. Philip] set himself to prevent the ecstasies of the unhappy woman in every way, even by force; he attacked her furiously. Deeply suspicious of fraud he terrorized Luc Antonio Palmieri, Orsola's nephew, who had accompanied her to Rome and summoned him before a gathering of priests. "Come here," he said, "I want these gentlemen to make your acquaintance. Tell me the truth. How much money have you made through Orsola?" "Nothing; she forbade me to accept anything." "Go and God be with you! We will wait till the Pope comes back from Frascati, and then we shall see what death you deserve." And on another occasion: "What do you think of your aunt? Look what this book says: out of a hundred people who have ecstasies, ninety-nine are deceived; and you dare to tell me that your aunt's ecstasies are the one, true, real and genuine exception? I tell you, my son, only death will make known the real truth about Orsola." General opinion, in view of her patience and submissiveness, was in favour of Orsola, and Philip alone distrusted her.¹

After seven months of rigorous humiliation St. Philip, having found no evidence either of fraud or of any diabolic influence, seems to have felt that it would be unjust to treat Orsola as any longer under suspicion. Bacci, the most authorized in some sense of the Saint's early biographers, definitely states that "he approved her spirit as good and made a report to the Pope to that effect. . . He also said to several that because she was pure and simple God guided her to perfection by that road." But if this represented the attitude which he felt bound in conscience to maintain in any public utterance, his misgivings were not entirely allayed.² In September, 1587, five years later, when Orsola was again becoming a centre of influence in Naples, Philip heard that one of his Oratorian Fathers there, no other than Giovenale Ancina,

¹ Ponnelle and Bordet, "St. Philip Neri and the Roman Society of his Times" (Eng. trans.), p. 133. The authors quote further the testimony of Tarugi, the Oratorian, who later became a Cardinal. Tarugi, Philip's trusted friend, writes: "He [Philip] was never willing to say that what passed in her was the work of the Holy Spirit."

² One is strongly reminded of the attitude of St. John Baptist Vianney (the Curé d'Ars) towards Maximin and the Apparition of our Lady at La Salette.

beatified in recent times, was being drawn into rather close association with her activities. He accordingly had a letter written to Father Tarugi, the Superior at Naples, in which we read :

As to Father Ancina, our Father Messer Philippo is much grieved, he is afraid that this has come about through Orsola, whose spirit is so dangerous both to herself and others, for one can see nothing in her which leads one to believe that she is led by the spirit of God. Yet the Father [Philip] who has always shrunk from this kind of thing as being extremely dangerous, does not wish to injure this woman any more than those others who, led perhaps by an excess of simplicity, put their faith in her, and even go so far as to follow her along this way of visions, revelations and personal sentiments, which has placed so many holy persons in danger. He therefore bids me write to your Reverence to be very much on your guard, lest perhaps some evil should result, especially in view of the simplicity of the said Father.¹

There is no reason to doubt that on her side Orsola—and this is to her credit—always expressed profound veneration for St. Philip and seems never to have betrayed the slightest trace of resentment for the severity he had shown her during those seven months of trial. She was one of the witnesses who gave evidence in the Process of his Beatification, and her deposition is still accessible in print. She said among other things : “Though I am not a judge of spiritual matters, I could not help discerning in him a great love of God, or fail to see how ardently his soul ever burned with that holy fire ; when he spoke to me he seemed to tremble all over through the desire he had of drawing souls to God.” She also recalled how on one occasion, when he had overwhelmed her with denunciations of her hypocrisy and guile, she knelt down before him, saying that he had a true knowledge of her, and then kissed his feet. Whereupon the Saint asked her to do him the same service in pointing out his own faults without reserve. In the account of Orsola’s ecstasies as given by those who lived with her it is repeatedly mentioned that no disturbance or appeal could restore her to her normal senses except only the voice of her confessor to whom she had pledged obe-

¹ Ponnelle and Bordet, p. 134.

dience.¹ But she tells us in her deposition regarding St. Philip :

It happened also that in his presence I had my usual ecstasy, which indeed is my cross ; and when others called me I heard nothing, but when Philip called to me by the most holy name of Jesus, his blessed voice penetrated me in such a manner that I returned from my ecstasy, a thing unusual with me, and discerned the power of God in him. On another occasion in the church of S. Girolamo, after receiving holy communion from his hands, I again went into ecstasy. When Mass was over he ordered me to walk with him, and although I was still out of myself with the ecstasy, his command prevailed, and made me walk.²

Whether it was on the occasion of this friendly stroll, when Orsola and St. Philip promenaded, it seems, hand in hand, that the Saint put an old biretta of his on her head, is not quite clear. What is certain is that Orsola brought the biretta back with her to Naples, where it was eventually kept in veneration as a relic.³ There are some incidents connected with this seven months' detention in Rome which, though recorded by Maggio and other biographers, seem to have no better foundation than irresponsible gossip. It was said that St. Philip during these trials had slapped her, also that under the pretence of allowing her to receive Holy Communion he had permitted an unconsecrated host to be brought to her, a deception which she had detected and rejected with horror. Also it was asserted that he had called her his *sacerdotissa* or priestess. The Postulator of the Cause seems to have successfully demonstrated the baselessness of all these allegations. But there is rather more evidence for the statement that St. Philip and Orsola on one occasion embraced each other. One of the witnesses, a good nun eighty years old, declared that she had heard from Orsola that St. Philip had asked her pardon for all the rude tests to which he had subjected her, and that she, respectfully throwing her arms around him, had

¹ No one who is at all acquainted with the phenomena of hypnotism can fail to be struck by the analogy presented by the majority of subjects under deep hypnotic trance. As a rule it is only the hypnotizer who can exercise the *rappel* and bring them to themselves.

² "Novissima Positio," p. 288. I fancy that she lays stress upon this walk, not to imply intimacy, but only because in her state of ecstasy she was always immovable.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 285—286.

replied: "Dear Father, these are only so many graces for which I owe you all gratitude." On the other hand, it is better attested that Orsola, not long before her death, giving an account of her past history to her confessor, who took it down in writing, declared that St. Philip, after her long ordeal in Rome, embraced her before they parted (*Mi abbracciò S. Filippo*). There is, after all, no reason to be scandalized at such an incident, the more so that something seems to have been said by him about the sufferings which were in store for her in her special work of expiating the sins of those who were God's enemies.¹

Another point urged against her by the Promoter of the Faith was the fact that when she was being exorcized by Cardinal Santori, she replied to his adjuration: "I am who am," thus implying that it was our Lord who answered in her place. She, for her part, declared that she had not spoken herself but was conscious of a voice replying quite independently of her volition.² Similar experiences of an independent voice are familiar enough in the records of psychic research, especially when any question arises of multiplex personality. However strange and inexplicable are the phenomena recorded in the case of Orsola Benincasa, and however clearly her infirmities seem to belong no less to the province of the psychopathologist than to that of the expert in mystical theology, we must, I think, regard her as belonging to a somewhat different category from *Domenica dal Paradiso*. Although, for lack of access to the complete printed text of the Process, I can learn little regarding the nature of Orsola's supposed visions or revelations, there is not much to suggest that in these she was either consciously or unconsciously extravagant. The prophecies attributed to her, however, were certainly not all verified. She seems to have predicted that her great benefactor, the priest Gregorio Navarro, was destined to become Sovereign Pontiff, the "Papa Angelicus" who would reform the world. But this, of course, never came to pass.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ See the "Novissima Positio," p. 287.

² See the "Animadversiones," p. 11.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

"A NORSK HOMESTEAD."

IT was good to be living again in that lonely homestead, with its simple hospitality that came so graciously, being unfeigned. For generation after generation these folk had dwelt here between forest and lake, isolated in winter by a desert of snow and ice, the stead a puny red oasis in it all, in summer sweating under a fierce dry sun to gather in the little fruit of their earth, meagre hay, a strip of rye. On the smoke-blackened beams of the kitchen the date 1678 could be traced, cut by a hand that had hunted wolf and bear; on a huge chest, ribbed and padlocked, the same date was painted in flowing figures of red; near the stove stood a tall bjerkwod desk-case of a lovely primrose-yellow, flushed and streaked with peat-brown: 1848 was carved on it. Under it lay a pair of boots, gaily embroidered along the seams. Chest and desk-case, yes, and boots (worn only on special occasions such as a visit to the distant stavkirke) were precious heirlooms handed down through all the lonely years. The same family had lived in the stead since first it was built; the place was known by their name.

It was a hunter's home; more precious even than those heirlooms, modern rifles stood swathed in oily rags alongside a clutter of skis and snowshoes, traps and fishing-nets; behind the turf-roofed byre long wire frames were laden with split fish drying for the winter.

When we had finished supper—smoked reindeer tongue, trout fresh-caught in the lake, ryebread and goat-milk cheese, clabber¹ and blaberries, and crystal-clear water from the brook which a few miles away became a roaring river—we went outside to enjoy the evening. In another month they would begin to think of the first snows.

A hush thrilling as music lay upon forest and lake; a silence not broken but re-emphasized by the few sounds that were uttered; the distant, tuneless clonk of a goat-bell across the heather, the plop of a trout rising and sending out languid circles in the cobalt-blue surface, the mew of a buzzard hanging black against the sky, the mad uncouth cry of a loon. The sun setting behind the mountains diffused across them a beautiful ruby light, so that the snow

¹ A sort of cream, a favourite dish.

of their peaks and the heather of their flanks took on a hue that can scarcely be described.

Except for Thorkild Andreasson, they had little to say, for they were unused to much talk—which was not surprising in all that loneliness, their only company the little reindeer herd out on the fells, lynx and elk and fox in the forest, the eagle and mountain hare—but under the slow, dour exteriors was friendliness, a child-like frankness and trust manifested in quiet blue eyes that suspected evil of no man; it was not mankind they had to fight, but Nature, and against her they were struggling all the time. "Fight or die," she says sternly from her immaculate barbian in the mountain peaks.

Thorkild, however, was different, he was what the French would call *blagueur*: he was a man of the world, had lived with the Lapps up in Finmark, had even walked the gay streets of Tromsø, stinking of tar and fish, where the sealers squander their bonuses; he had even, might he die if he were telling lies, travelled in a train and seen the King of Norway.

For the twentieth time he recounted with naïve gusto the death-battle of the bear whose shaggy fur kept out the winter draughts when the family gathered round the stove—how he and the Lapps tracked "Old Man Furry" to his den and, with rifles and spears ready, goaded him out and slew him after a struggle beside which Hercules's battle with the Hydra was obviously nothing but a sparring-match!

"I knew an old Lapp daddy," he went on, excited by his own story-telling, "who used to make Old Man Furry drunk—*ja*, drunk, may I die if I don't speak the truth; he used to put out some *brannvin* in a blue jug (it had to be blue like the sky, else the bear got suspicious) and Old Man Furry would come snuffling along, sup it up, then sit down and begin to whine like a dog with fleas, and the Lapp daddy would return and stick him as easy as you stick a pig."

Thorkild was grey-headed, yet his mother still lived. She was very old, very bent, and tiny. Under the gay blue woollen cap her weather-beaten face was seamed with a hundred wrinkles that scuttled hither and thither when she smiled. She was somehow like the earth itself, weary and time-scarred, yet still containing the sweetness and goodness of the sap of her fresher days. She could still scythe the meagre hay, milk the goats, and weave; her gnarled fingers had balls of muscle at the joints. Her greatest pleasure was in peering over a huge Bible, yellow-leaved and "bound" in wood.

Watching her that evening as she worked at the spinning-wheel in the porch, the yarn snow-white against her sober dress, I thought how alike old peasant-women of all countries are; how Dalla resembled, for instance, many an Irishwoman I had seen

trudging behind a donkey-cart laden with peat or furze, her face telling the same tale of toil and sorrow and simple contentment; you could find her "earth-sister" in some white-capped Norman woman or an aged Gretchen of the Black Forest: one felt that language would be no barrier to their mutual understanding, were they to meet.

Steinfinn, the youngest son (the others were out on the fells with the reindeer) grew impatient with the story-telling. He fetched the concertina—a relic of Thorkild's Tromsø days—and squeezed out of it a haying-song, picked up goodness knows where, for the Norwegians have little music in them, a song as simple as Thorkild's stories, yet expressing something of the peasants' feelings when they gathered in the scrawny crops, feelings both of thankfulness and jollity now that toil was over and the harvest garnered. For haying was a serious business to them as to all peasants: it meant food for the beasts in winter and therefore food for themselves.

Suddenly, spurred by the music, Kirski the goat-girl leapt lithely down from her rock and began to dance; again it was as simple as song or story, yet there was something savage in it (in the best and real sense of the word), not because of any intensity, for it was not intense, but savage in its gay and lovely simplicity and complete freedom from self-consciousness. Kirski laughed, showing her fine teeth white against her brown skin; her blue eyes flashed, her thick hair jigged about her shoulders. Everyone laughed with her. Steinfinn played faster and faster, now and then missing the time, but nobody minded that.

ALAN JENKINS.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. COLUMBA AT OBAN.

ALTHOUGH the value of the central act of worship of Catholicism does not depend upon its material surroundings—Mass is as efficacious when celebrated on a packing-case in a jungle as on the most sumptuous Cathedral high altar—still, the vitality of the Church in normal circumstances will manifest itself in the number and splendour of its shrines. Nothing shows better the vitality of Catholicism in any region than the multiplication of Mass-centres and especially the erection of those greater churches in which the creature tries to express his sense of the Creator's infinite magnificence. Even amid the poverty-stricken Catholic community of Great Britain this spirit has shown itself in a marked way during our own generation. We have seen not only the erection of the great Byzantine Cathedral at Westminster, the magnificent Abbey church at Downside, but also that of Buckfast, the completion of which has unhappily coincided with the death of its illustrious builder, Abbot Vonier. Then there is that great venture

of faith, the diocesan Cathedral of Liverpool which may be finished in our time with the projected Abbey church at Prinknash and such edifices as the English Martyrs at Cambridge, St. John's at Norwich, St. Philip's at Arundel—the works of individual benefactors. Even in Scotland there has been a certain amount of fine church building as witness the Abbey church at Fort Augustus, and the subject of this present note, the Cathedral church at Oban.

The bay of Oban has a natural setting among the hills of Lorne, and so magnificent is that setting that the many hotels and large houses which border on the sea look even more commonplace than they are. Only one building, as yet unfinished, on the sea front has any architectural interest or value and that is the new Cathedral of St. Columba, which, in the opinion of many experts, will be the finest modern Gothic building in Britain. Here Sir Gilbert Scott has used granite, a material coarse and hard but which, nevertheless, is suited to the genius of an architect who knows the value of restraint, because the shallowest splays and grooves on a block of granite serve to bring out all its weight and strength.

The outside walls of the Cathedral are of pink granite from Peterhead and on the roofs are slates, in shades of brown and some a light yellow, which harmonize with the colour of the stonework. That in itself is an artistic achievement. Pink granite is also used for the nave columns and for the moulded four-foot dado; whereas the rest of the interior walling is of blue Inverawe granite, quarried at Kentaller twelve miles from Oban, and the eastern wall reveals the amazing beauty of blue granite masonry when the setting of the stones has been well arranged. There is no lighting in the upper part of the nave and this, one of the discoveries of Sir Gilbert Scott, increases the effect of height because the nave seems to disappear into the gloom under the bare oak roof, a roof of Kentish oak, our Scottish oaks being too small to yield planks that would span the nave. The tower will rise ninety feet and its arch will be as high as the nave, so that from the chancel there will be a view of the ocean through three immense lancet windows in the western wall.

When pious ladies tell me that such and such a church is "so devotional" I usually suspect, by virtue of original sin, that it is a badly ventilated church and that they have mistaken the drowsiness induced by a lack of oxygen combined with an excess of carbonic acid gas for higher emotions. Yet in this small Cathedral, it is only 150 feet in length, I found that the things of this world may be easily forgotten, for there has been created in stone upon stone an environment that recalls, and, *Deo volente*, will recall to generations yet unborn, the story, the strength, the austere beauty, the simplicity and the comfort of the Faith as known for centuries in Argyll and the Isles.

My only regret about this Cathedral is that Bishop Donald

Martin did not live to see completed the work he had to begin. I say had to begin because the old "Cathedral," a shanty of wood and corrugated iron, had ceased to be weather-proof. So the Bishop of the poorest Diocese in Scotland had to go far afield, even to the United States of America, begging for money. He died suddenly and unexpectedly in his sleep at the age of 65, and on December 9, 1938, three pipers playing "The Flowers of the Forest" led the *cortège* in a bitter wind along the mountain road that winds to the little cemetery of Pennyfuir amidst the hills of Lorne. He was a most kindly Bishop, and his house was ever open to me. Every evening after supper he would go into his beloved Cathedral and I noticed that he always removed his Ring. "Some people are shy of Bishops," he explained, and he was in great good humour when a tripper, mistaking him for the parish priest, gave him sixpence towards the Cathedral. "Most kind of him. He looked quite a poor man, and it shows how people are affected by the Cathedral. Everyone who sees it wants to see it finished." He had it built literally stone by stone for he never expended more money than he had in hand, and so at times only one mason was working on Sir Gilbert's plans. Yet one day the work will be finished, and then of Bishop and architect all men will say—"Exegit monumentum aere perennius."¹

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND.

THINKING WITH THE CHURCH.

THE divinely-constituted hierarchy of the Church is yet human in its composition, and its history is full of vicissitudes due to human weakness and perversity. Hence the Catholic flock, thus shepherded, is apt to be called upon to distinguish between "the man and his office," lest it should be scandalized by failings, the more deplorable because in such contrast with lofty professions. But it is not always easy to make that distinction, especially if the office itself is abused and made the occasion of wrong-doing. "It needs must be that scandals come" but, if it is wrong to give scandal, it is also wrong to take scandal, unless one is so morally or mentally weak as not to be able to help it. Thus *scandalum pusillorum* which comes precisely from inability to distinguish between the sinner and his office is far less grievous when taken than when given. Our Lord, who knew, thought it better, even for the sinner himself, to be summarily and irrevocably drowned than to be the cause, or the guilty occasion, of sin to the innocent. However, in spite of that terrible warning, scandal abounds and has always abounded in the Church, but it can be diminished if the adult faithful realize that they have not the excuse of the *pusilli*, the

¹ "He raised a monument more enduring than brass."

young and innocent, and can always avoid *taking* scandal, *i.e.*, being so affected by the conduct of others, of whatever condition, that they think less well of God's law and His service, and even do what is wrong because of what they see. That would be to make their fellow men, and not their Heavenly Father, or our Lord, their standard of righteousness—a form of human respect which is always foolish as well as sinful.

But, though it is wrong to follow others in wrong-doing, is it not right and a duty to cry out against that wrong-doing when we see it, if only to prevent the sinner from persisting in it, and to warn others against imitating him? Such zeal would surely seem to be both holy and charitable, but, strangely enough, the whole teaching of our Lord and His Apostles bristles with prohibitions against its exercise, except by those whose function it is to teach morality and to correct delinquents. "Judgment is mine" saith the Lord; "judge not, condemn not," He repeats. He reserves to Himself the assessment of moral guilt in His creatures because He alone can read "the reins and the heart." Only when wickedness is notorious, when the sinner makes no secret of his evil dispositions, are we allowed to sit in judgment on him and endorse his verdict about himself, and, even then, all we can pronounce upon is the objective malice of his deeds. All that the inspired St. Peter would venture to say about the very betrayer of our Lord was that "he had gone to his own place."

However, just as the terrible sin of scandal is deplorably prevalent, so is the sin of unwarranted adverse criticism of our neighbour, a sin which becomes more grievous, when our neighbour is invested in some sort with God's authority. This brings us nearer to our subject. The Episcopate of the Catholic Church embodies her divine commission to teach and to rule. The Pope and the Hierarchy preserve the "deposit of faith" and keep the Church free from errors of faith and practice, and in the exercise of this high office they have the assistance of the indwelling Holy Spirit. No one of them, of course, except the Vicar of Christ in certain defined circumstances, can count on this assistance individually. The spread of Arianism in the past shows that Bishops, personally and even in groups, have gone astray in matters of faith, but that has never been true of the whole Episcopate in union with the Holy See. As a rule, then, the Bishop must be taken to speak with God's authority when he formally teaches Catholic doctrine or enforces Catholic discipline, and the normal duty of his flock is to obey him. However, just as in the case of the Pope himself, not every episcopal utterance is concerned with Catholic belief or even with Catholic order. Is the flock in these circumstances allowed to judge or even if necessary to condemn? Can we—to be indiscreet for a moment—contemplate without dismay the conduct of the Catholic hierarchy in this country being subjected to the

same free criticism as our Anglican brethren subject their Bishops to on occasion?

By no means. Just as even the most indifferent Catholic would feel that reverence for the episcopal office precluded anything like public disagreement with any prelate's ruling on a matter of doctrine or discipline, so the same reverence would prevent him discussing a Bishop's views on other subjects, except with caution and, of course, courtesy. Catholics, by habit and tradition, are obedient folk who remember our Lord's pointed inculcation of docility—"Unless you become as little children, etc.," and they regard Church authority, even when dealing with secular affairs, with respect. Nor would any Catholic paper so flout Catholic sentiment as freely to publish rebellious criticism of Church authority.

That is the normal situation. There are, of course, exceptions. Every generation throws up a fringe of intellectuals who are not docile or courteous but allow themselves freely to discuss or reject the dicta of authority in matters of doctrine—the brief explosion of modernism in the Church is an instance—or under nationalistic influences, to question publicly the political behaviour of Popes and prelates, generally anonymously.¹ Their alleged motive is, of course, zeal for the Church's welfare—seemingly inadequately safeguarded by the Holy Spirit, or by the usual machinery for Church reform. Again, we have seen, especially in Belgium and France, hot-headed economic reformers who are genuinely moved by the grievances of the workers, but despair of the Church doing anything to redress them, and consequently try to associate Catholicism with Communism. We have, from time to time, called attention to some of their papers—*L'Ere Nouvelle* and the like. *The Catholic Herald* of January 6th discusses a curious sample of British impatience with the inertia of Catholics in the matter of social reform to which is ascribed the growth of anti-clerical Communism—a new Catholic paper called *The Gallery*, specially founded "to print what the Catholic 'Capitalist' press dare not print"—economic facts which are ignored by that press and by Catholic presbyteries and religious houses, etc. There is certainly some ground for complaint in the lethargy with which many Catholics, in spite of Church teaching, regard social injustice, but surely the hierarchy have shown themselves as keenly aware of that defect and as eager to remedy it, as are the promoters of *The Gallery*, who would seem to think that violent public denunciation of Catholic shortcomings is enough to remedy them.

Besides our Lord's recommendation of child-like docility as a necessary disposition for entrance into His Kingdom, there is another saying of His which all these Church critics would do well to remember, since it refers expressly to the existence of abuses in

¹ A recent publication, "The Pope and Politics," is a notorious example.

His Church—"Suffer them both [the tares and the wheat] to grow until the harvest." Catholics who have the inestimable advantage of sure guidance in things concerning their salvation, and an abundance of spiritual aids in the attainment of the moral perfection to which they are called, may readily forgo, in view of these privileges, the lesser delights of sitting in judgment on their superiors, and showing them how relatively incapable they are for their God-appointed task. Even if Church authority is mistaken in minor matters, it is indisputably right in regard to the one thing necessary.

J.K.

"THE MONTH" AND THE MISSIONS

Readers, and especially "forwarders," will, we are sure, be gratified to know of the wonderful response to the appeal contained in the article on our work in the January issue, viz., an increase of over twenty forwarders, a number of direct subscriptions, many renewals of old ones, the offer of permanent clerical assistance in the work, and actually a cheque for £150 to provide the hospital so desperately needed for the Leper Asylum in Nyasaland mentioned on p. 36 of the article. We said then that £150 would provide "a more or less adequate hospital," and the generous donor and his wife, when sending this magnificent gift, expressed a hope that "some other reader or readers would subscribe an additional £150, thus turning our 'less' into a united 'more' adequate hospital." Owing to this wonderful donation these poor outcasts, the lepers, so especially dear to the heart of our Lord, will at least have what they hitherto lacked, some provision for their most crying need.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals.*

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Jan. 7, 1939. **The Action Populaire as it functions in France**, by Father John LaFarge, S.J. [A sympathetic account of one Catholic effort in France to re-Christianize society.]
- BOMBAY EXAMINER: Dec. 31, 1938. **Church and State**, by A. Soares. [An admirable Presidential Address on a vital subject, delivered at the All-India Catholic Congress at Mangalore.]
- BROTÉRIA: Jan., 1939. **Alguns Romancistas Católicos Ingleses**, by J. Saatman. [Contains short studies of several well-known English Catholic novelists, among others Maurice Baring, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Philip Gibbs.]
- CATHOLIC GUILD OF ISRAEL: Autumn—New Year. **The Catholic Mission to the Jews**, by J. K. Ryan. [A timely history of the Church's effort to evangelize the Jews, with special reference to modern times.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Jan. 13, 1939. **Roosevelt's Message to Congress; Religion, Democracy, Fair Play**, by Count Michael de la Bédoyère. [Contains some pertinent comments on the too facile association of religion and "democracy as that term is commonly understood to-day."]
- CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE: Noël, 1938. **Totalitarisme et Christianisme**, by Abbé Jean Dadot. [Some valuable remarks on a now familiar theme, that of the Christian attitude towards the claims of the modern State.]
- CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA: Jan. 7, 1939. **L'Internazionalismo cosmopolita e l'Essere nazionale**, by Father A. Messineo, S.J. [Includes some acute and "realistic" comments on the dangers and false optimism of "humanitarianism."]
- ÉTUDES: Dec. 20, 1938. **Bilans Soviétiques**, by Helen Iswolsky. [An interesting judgment upon the present military situation in the U.S.S.R. with remarks upon the possibility of Soviet intervention during the September crisis.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: Jan., 1939. **A Problem in Catholic Action: The Formation of Lay Leaders**, by Rev. R. B. Savage, S.J. [A timely study of Catholic Action and of the role the Sodality might fulfil in the formation of its leaders.]
- SIGN: Jan., 1939. **Belgian Catholics on the March**, by Catherine de Hueck. [A useful summary of Catholic Social Action in Belgium with special reference to the part played by Catholic women.]
- STIMMEN DER ZEIT: Jan., 1939. **Zur Entstehung der Geburtsfeier des Herrn in Ost und West**, by Father Karl Prümm, S.J. [A scholarly disquisition on the historical and liturgical origins of Christmas and the Epiphany.]
- TABLET: Jan. 7, 14, 1939. **The New Community**, by Christopher Dawson. [An illuminating analysis of the relations of religion, culture and politics.]

REVIEWS

I—THE JACOBAN AGE¹

THE large scope of Mgr. Mathew's latest book is clearly indicated in its title, and it would be difficult to give an instance in which the promise expressed by setting this ambitious form of title at the head of a study of a period of history has been more brilliantly fulfilled. Much has been written on various aspects of the reign of James I, on its politics, its scandals, on the lives of its individuals of prominence, but little attempt has been made to take a comprehensive survey of the age and to estimate its significance in our history, and certainly none which comes up to the standard achieved in this volume. Though there is a natural tendency to pass lightly and hastily over this interlude of comparative peace, dividing the two great stages of the revolution, which so deeply influenced our history, ample proof is afforded in this book that the period well repays close study.

The technique of historical investigation and writing, employed by Dr. Mathew in his former books, here reaches its full development in a rare combination of learning and art, which has perfect balance. He is to be congratulated on producing a book which will not merely enhance an established reputation, but which will secure for him a distinguished place in the front rank of historians working in the field of seventeenth-century history.

For his material, Dr. Mathew prefers to rely, wherever possible, on the impressions derived from a survey at first hand of a wide range of primary authorities. He makes most effective use of correspondence calendared in the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, memoirs, diaries, inventories of every kind, and he has done much research on several important collections of documents, especially on the unpublished Salisbury Manuscripts at Hatfield. The advantages for the purpose of such a survey, of a direct and undistracted approach to the documents, when made by a student so endowed with imaginative insight into the significance of the detail of historical records and so competent to master this mass of evidence, are manifest on every page of *The Jacobean Age*, in its general air of freshness, its wealth of unfamiliar illustration, its unity, and even, it would appear, in the style of the judicious comment which blends so admirably with the stately Jacobean English so often quoted.

The book succeeds best in giving a history of manners, and a

¹ *The Jacobean Age*. By David Mathew. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xiv, 354. Price, 15s. 1938.

convincing picture of the dominant and ever-growing group which strengthened an inherited access to influence and executive power to carry through the doldrums of its mid-course a revolution directed against the deepest and still living traditions in the national life. It is invaluable as an illuminating commentary on some penetrating observations made by the author on the deep-rooted convictions of seventeenth-century leaders of "the inviolable supremacy of the landed interest," and that "the fortune of the nation was linked up with their own supremacy." In this context it seems somewhat strange to find peculiar depth and sureness attributed to the reverence for the great moral ideas of sovereignty and possession by men linked by every bond with the generations which passed from the spoliation of the Church and its public charities through the Irish plantations to the appropriation from peasant and yeoman of the soil of England, and brought to the mother and son of James death on the scaffold, and to his grandsons exile and defeat.

The book fails where all must fail, given the present state of our knowledge of the history of the Catholic body. It is becoming increasingly evident that we cannot enter into a full understanding of the Stuart period until we are able to assess more accurately the influence of the tradition and practice of the Catholic minority. Posterity may even have to content itself with less than the whole truth, seeing that the history of the Church under sustained and efficient persecution, is necessarily largely "known only to God."

A warm welcome is assured to the companion volume of this well-produced and illustrated book, to be entitled "The Caroline Age." The many admirers of the written work of Dr. Mathew will note with pleasure that the promise of this book was given, it would seem, within sight of the dignity of the episcopal office, which has since been conferred upon him, and they will be confirmed in their hope that this elevation is prompted as much by a desire to recognize the value of his contributions to scholarship as to use his talents in administrative responsibilities.

B.F.

2—SOCIOLOGY AND CORPORATIVE SOCIETY¹

THE French original of Mgr. Deploige's work first appeared in 1911. Other editions in French soon followed so that in France to-day, *Le Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie*, by Mgr. Deploige, is a much appreciated work on the social sciences. The

¹ (1) *The Conflict between Ethics and Sociology*. By Mgr. Simon Deploige. Herder Book Co. Pp. vi, 381. Price, 12s. 6d. 1938. (2) *Le Régime Corporatif et les Catholiques Sociaux*. By G. Jarlot, S.J. Flammarion. Pp. 257. Price, 25.00 fr. (3) *Un ordre corporatif français*. By G. Coquelle-Viance. Editions de la F.N.C. Pp. 110. Price, 6.75 fr. (4) *Marxisme et Famille*. By A. Ancel. Paris: Fédération Nationale Catholique. Pp. 96. Price, 4.50 fr.

English translation will be welcomed in this country where the influence of Durkheim has no small hold on social thought, and where, too, literature on sociology from the Catholic viewpoint is far from being complete.

Mgr. Deploige has no difficulty in establishing the fact that Christian ethics have nothing to fear from the progress of the social sciences, and in particular from sociology. In an opening chapter he sums up the chief criticisms levelled by the Durkheim-Lévy Bruhl school against ethics. What was Durkheim's notion of sociology? How did he define "le fait social"? What was the object and end of his social science? What hopes did Durkheim entertain of its influence upon society? These are some of the questions which the author analyses, and he suggests that sociology, as Durkheim conceives it, "is not a science but a method." An historical survey of the background of Durkheim's thought reveals the fact that the content of his sociology with its principles and rules, derives from German and not French thought. In fact, Durkheim's "social realism" is discovered to be nothing but a vague confused concept of the Teutonic "Volk," as it was known to the German school of Müller, Savigny, List and others. When Durkheim tries to establish a principle of social classification, the sense of the unreal increases. He "remains entirely in the abstract," says Mgr. Deploige, "he sets out from an imagined notion and, by a logical process, deduces from it a purely verbal classification. . . . He criticizes others, because instead of a science of realities they simply make an ideological analysis. Does not this very reproach turn against Durkheim himself?" To the charge made by Lévy Bruhl that the conflict between ethics and sociology dates from the appearance of the "scientific sociology" represented by Durkheim, Mgr. Deploige replies: "The reality, the true story, is quite different. In this conflict, what is at stake is the fate of ethics, which is in fact the system of J. J. Rousseau and the eclectic school." Once this is established the reader is not surprised to learn that the principles and methods postulated by the Durkheim school are not only familiar to, but even recommended by the *scientia moralis* of Christian ethics. Mgr. Deploige has no difficulty in showing from several passages of the *Ethicorum* of St. Thomas, that Christian ethics affirm that the constitutive principles of a moral science will be laws or truths whose existence will be found established by sufficient experience. This effectively disposes of the charge, so often heard, that Christian ethics are nothing more than a series of *a priori* deductions. If, indeed, there is to be blame for lack of realism, the major share of it must go to "the authors of natural-law theories in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, particularly Rousseau and the spiritualistic followers of Cousin," for the reason that "they were not concerned with the study of reality, with discovering its

properties or with penetrating its nature; they believed with invincible faith in the omniscience of reason and in the omnipotence of its pretended interpreter, the lawmaker." Finally, Mgr. Deplouge definitely establishes the fact that, far from there being any conflict between ethics and sociology, the edifice of Christian ethics while remaining solid and undisturbed by the powerful attacks of modern sociologists, "is vast and hospitable enough to shelter sociology within itself."

In France, especially among Catholics, social reconstruction based on the principles of a corporative organization is much in evidence to-day. Father Jarlot's book, however, is not a mere plan or outline of a corporative regime, but a closely-packed historical survey of the early beginnings and the development of the corporative idea in France. He examines the attitude of Le Play, La Tour du Pin and other early Catholic social leaders upon this subject: and estimates the influence of men like Mgr. Ketteler and Baron Vogelsang, leader of social thought prior to "*Rerum Novarum*," whose idea of corporative organization received important approval in that Encyclical. In fact, Father Jarlot reveals some very interesting details concerning the historical background of Leo XIII's Encyclicals, "*Rerum Novarum*" and "*Graves De Communi*." A commentary on "*Quadragesimo Anno*" in which Pius XI gives the classical expression of the corporative regime, concludes Father Jarlot's valuable survey. The book should prove most useful to all who wish to understand the historical argument in favour of the corporative regime.

M. G. Coquelle-Viance gives a practical application of the principles embodied in this regime. He analyses the industrial, agricultural and financial life of his country, and then re-states the economic life of France in terms of a corporativism. His verdict is that Catholicism is still a living force in his much harassed country, and that economic prosperity can only be restored on the basis of *le régime corporatif*.

Father A. Ancel's *Marxisme et Famille* enjoys all that clearness of expression and style which did much to make his "*Dogme et Morale Communistes*" appreciated by students of Marxism. This booklet is not a criticism of that type of family which is a product of Soviet legislation in the U.S.S.R. but it examines the concept of family as found in the works of the leaders of Communism: Marx, Engels and Lenin. The method of refutation is simple, easy to follow, and clear: the comparison between the Marxist and the Christian notion of the family leads to definite and very obvious conclusions. It is a most useful little study, all the more necessary because of modern attacks upon the family position which have influenced even Catholics themselves.

C.C.C.

3—SHAKESPEARE'S MIND AND ART¹

SOONER or later every student of Shakespeare has to ask himself whether Shakespeare is a poet expressing himself dramatically or a dramatist expressing himself poetically. This is not a distinction without a difference: it embodies profound divergences of interpretation. It is true that each of the plays is in some measure a unity in which poetry and drama are intimately and almost inseparably fused. But it is that very unity which calls for explanation. What is its inner principle? More widely, what is it that accounts for the unity of all Shakespeare's work?

"As the Shakesperian poetry grew more complex and more profound," writes Mr. Traversi, "it tended to mould plot and character increasingly to its own purpose" (p. 129). In his view, the controlling element is the poetry, and the poetry itself is essentially the expression of a clearly discernible personal experience. Isolate and define that experience and you have the key to the larger significance of the plays. How, then, escape that very subjectivism which, in the author's opinion, does so much to vitiate "romantic" criticism from Goethe to Bradley? By grounding your interpretation upon the very language and imagery of the plays. Imagery, almost a casual trick of expression in the earlier plays, deepens into the organic and integrated symbolism of "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest."

This artistic ripening is symptomatic of a spiritual ripening in the poet's experience. His experience reveals itself in the plays as an increasing awareness and resolution of the conflict between "sense" and "reason" in the depths of human personality. In Shakespeare, the concern of the Renaissance individualist over the lack of integrity becomes articulate.

There, in brief, is the theme of Mr. Traversi's suggestive and stimulating essay. He propounds with learning and with something of a poet's sensitive insight what is, in effect, a new and most vital dramatic Unity—the coherence of poetic sensibility. Of special value is his treatment of the Sonnets. Here the poet is preoccupied more freely with the topics and problems that dominate the plays; more freely, yet, in the treatment, with the greater intensity and compression that the Sonnet discipline imposes.

Here and there the author's eagerness outstrips itself and leads him not only to overstate his case but to force his exegesis of individual passages. The development of much of Shakespeare's symbolism may be more plausibly explained by simple association of imagery than by the exigencies of a personal experience, pressing for a symbolic outlet. Again, it is one thing to say with Edward Dowden (who in some ways anticipated Mr. Traversi's approach):

¹ *Approach to Shakespeare*. By D. A. Traversi. London: Sands. Pp. 152. Price, 6s. 1938.

"It is evident not from one play, but from many, that the struggle between 'blood' and 'judgment' was a great affair of Shakespeare's life." It is another to find the influence of this tension in all sorts of unlikely places. Of Henry IV, Part II, Mr. Traversi says: "The English State is the universe of this play, and its disease is a disunion within that universe: *a disunion, in other words, in Shakespeare's own experience*" (italics ours). This is to identify the problem of the play (an objective, dramatic situation) with a problem of the playwright's (here, a rift in his personal experience). It is Mr. Traversi's chief concern to press that identification to the limit and, for all the subtlety and ingenuity of his advocacy, it will not pass unchallenged. It shifts the centre of importance from the drama to the poetry, from the play to the emotional life of the playwright and, even for the modern reader of Shakespeare, the play is still the thing.

Lest these remarks should prove misleading, it must be noted in fairness to the author that his aim is not to minimize but to heighten our appreciation of the dramatic quality of Shakespeare's work. "I wish to emphasize that this approach does *not* betray or neglect the purely dramatic element (if such an abstraction may be conceded to exist) in the plays. Plot and character are obviously of supreme importance, and no criticism can afford to neglect them: but it remains true that we shall understand even plot and character better, if we are fully aware of the quality of the emotion behind Shakespeare's verse in a given play" (p. 14).

That judgment stands, and it is amply justified by the cultivated insight that is an outstanding feature of this interesting study.

C.D.

4—AN EDUCATIONAL CREDO¹

THE general dissatisfaction with present-day education has been neatly expressed by Miss Dorothy Sayers. "Everybody," she wrote, "is now *literate*, which is by no means the same as being *educated*." Moreover, there is a growing recognition that educational problems, as Mr. Eliot has pointed out, "cannot be discussed in a void"; for "to know what we want in education, we must know what we want in general." That is, educational reform presupposes not merely a change of instruments or methods, but an agreed scale of values—a fundamental point of view, a philosophy, a religion. With these signs of intellectual grace abroad, it is especially important that there should be forthcoming a clear and coherent formulation of the Catholic attitude and inheritance. And in *I Believe in Education* we have very much the

¹ *I Believe in Education*. By Edward A. FitzPatrick, Dean of the Graduate School of Marquette University. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 218. Price, 7s. 6d. 1938.

kind of book that is needed. Almost all the larger aspects of the subject are intelligently and realistically discussed. Dean FitzPatrick is a Platonist as well as a Catholic, and the axiological criteria of the *philosophia perennis* and of the Christian tradition are rigorously applied to various pedagogical axioms and theories; they are applied, moreover, by one who is in touch with his own age. The author's educational *Credo* includes the article that the test of civilization (and education exists for civilization) is "the quality of individual life it makes possible"; consequently, true education is "a regeneration of the spirit"; and "sensitiveness to values and meanings" is its end. The author holds that in a democratic society vocational education is indispensable, but that it must be conceived "not as training for industry, but as training for life in an industrial society"; it cannot, therefore, be contrasted with a "liberal" education. He considers that all education is self-education, and that "indoctrination," no less than a policy of compulsion, is proper to "animal training." He believes in the very great importance of "play," "self-activity," and creative self-expression; but, unlike the exponents of a "soft pedagogy," he finds the justification of play principally in "the social and intellectual discipline it produces."

Some of the major problems do not receive sufficient attention. For instance the essential continuity of child and adult life is assumed without adequate discussion; but is it a fact? There is some evidence that most people have not the capacity for education at the age when they have the opportunity, and have no longer the opportunity when they have acquired the capacity. The stress Dean FitzPatrick lays on relating "lessons" to such actual or imaginative experience as is within the reach of the child is not a radical answer to this difficulty. Again, are all children to receive the same kind of education? And, if not, what proportion are to receive a "higher" education? Perhaps the author will at some future date investigate in greater detail some of these, and other, outstanding difficulties. But in the meantime this book, so far as it goes, is a compendium of sane thinking, and deserves to be read.

A.A.S.

5—CUTHBERT TUNSTAL¹

CUTHBERT TUNSTAL, Bishop of London and later Bishop of Durham, has a unique position in the history of the Church in England. There are many characters that come and go, in the thirty years which separate the fall of Wolsey and the beginning

¹ *Cuthbert Tunstal*. By Charles Sturge. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xvii, 428. Price, 21s. 1938.

of the English Reformation from the final Elizabethan settlement. Some arouse our enthusiasm, others our contempt; but whatever their individual character, they all played a part in what was one of the most momentous events in history. Tunstal—and Tunstal alone—was in a prominent position during the critical part of all their careers. He was an important diplomat when Wolsey was in his prime, and was Bishop of London five years before Henry began the fatal nullity proceedings against the much-wronged Catherine. He lived to see Wolsey fall and an English ecclesiastical court annul Catherine's marriage. He saw Cromwell and Cranmer rise and decline. He was a Catholic bishop before the world had heard of Anne Boleyn: he lived to petition Anne Boleyn's daughter when she became queen, not to desert the Catholic religion. He is the best witness we have to the whole of the critical years of the English Reformation.

Clearly, then, Tunstal is a most appropriate subject for a modern biography, and it is only surprising that no one has undertaken the task earlier. However, Dr. Sturge's book will long remain the classic work on the subject. It is a pleasant contrast to some recent works on Tudor history, being soberly written and well documented. This does not mean to say that the book is dull. On the contrary, it should remind a generation which is in danger of forgetting it, that bright history may be written without sacrificing the true to the dramatic.

The public life of Tunstal was both long and varied: there was hardly an aspect of Tudor Government with which he did not become acquainted. His experiences throughout all this are pleasantly and convincingly put before us in Dr. Sturge's pages. We are introduced to him as a diplomatic envoy on the continent, trying to weave and unweave the threads of Wolsey's tangled policy. Several times his duties took him to the Netherlands; once they took him as far afield as Spain: he was one of the English legates at the peace of Cambrai.

Again, he was in the innermost circle of the English Renaissance scholars. Stapleton says that he was More's closest friend, Erasmus that he was just like More; he could scarcely have given him a greater compliment, and he must have known it. More consulted him on Utopia, and Erasmus on the second edition of his *New Testament*. His own treatise on arithmetic, "*De Arte Supputandi*," was far in advance of his age.

When Bishop of Durham, his position in the North was unique, and typifies the age of change in which he lived. He was the last prince-bishop in the old sense, for the Resumption Act of 1536 handed over all jurisdiction to the crown. From that time the king's peace and not the peace of the bishop reigned in the county palatine. On the other hand, it is true to say that he was the first President of the new and royal Council of the North, after its

permanent establishment. On all this Dr. Sturge is excellent. But it is impossible to give such unqualified praise to what he says on Tunstal's attitude to the religious changes. His chief problem is to explain why Tunstal, who was later to oppose religious change so constantly under Edward VI and Elizabeth, gave way completely under Henry VIII. Several answers are possible, but the one given by Dr. Sturge is unconvincing. Tunstal's wide reading and legal education, he says, had given him the ability to see many sides of a question. Thus, though he knew that much could be said in favour of the Pope, he realized that Henry had a strong case also. In other words, he was "readier than some noble and ingenuous souls to see that there were strong arguments on both sides of the question" (p. 197, see also p. 2). Are we to believe, then, that Tunstal was more widely read than Fisher? Had he a more thorough legal training than More? Investigation convinced Tunstal, Dr. Sturge tells us, "that the Pope's headship had come about from political and geographical causes, without scriptural warrant, or the concurrence of the early Church" (p. 193). But Dr. Sturge does not tell us what arguments led Tunstal to such a conclusion. However, he does tell us the reasons he gave for changing his mind in a similar case, namely, when he so basely deserted Catherine; and a more puerile catalogue it would be hard to find (p. 185). No wonder that Chapuys thought that he was not convinced by his own arguments.

The truth seems to be that Tunstal, despite his courage in the last few months of his life, and with all his occasional resistance to Henry, was liable to fits of panic. Dr. Sturge admits that at the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace he fled with haste from his post (p. 153). Such a fit of panic seems to have overtaken him, both when he abandoned Catherine, and when he abandoned the Papacy. He certainly had every reason for panic. More and Fisher were in the Tower. His own fidelity to the crown was suspect, and his houses in the North had been searched. Tunstal was not made of the stuff of the martyrs, and he yielded. It was not breadth of mind, but weakness of soul that prevented his following the way of heroism. In his last words he admitted as much: "*Quesoque ne intres in iudicium, juste iudex, cum fugitivo servo tuo.*"

In this and in several other ways Dr. Sturge gives the impression that he regards Tunstal as a High Anglican, born out of due time. For instance, he appears rather uncritical in his reliance on George Carleton's "*Vita Bernardi Gilpini.*" An Anglican bishop had every motive for trying to depict Tunstal as similar to himself and his colleagues, even to the extent of speaking slightly of Transubstantiation.

However, though Dr. Sturge's interpretation of Tunstal's character is not entirely convincing, the book as a whole certainly de-

serves commendation. We see the many parts that Tunstal filled during these critical years, and we cannot do that without getting many new ideas about the history of the period itself.

W.F.R.

6—THE "DICTIONNAIRE DE SPIRITUALITÉ"¹

THE eighth fascicle of the *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité* abounds in interesting appreciations of a number of teachers whose names are famous in the history of mysticism. A very detailed notice is deservedly devoted to John Cassian; this includes not only a careful analysis of the "Conferences" and "Institutions," but also an estimate of the influence of Cassian upon Western spirituality. Naturally, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Catherine of Genoa also occupy a proportionate amount of space, and both articles are provided with a very adequate bibliography. In future no writer dealing with the work of either of these two mystics will be able safely to dispense with the guidance here afforded. Père Gorce, O.P., in his account of the Sienese Saint prudently calls attention to the fact that even the revelations of a spouse of Christ so highly privileged as St. Catherine cannot be treated as enjoying divine inspiration in any proper sense or as claiming immunity from error. Our documents tell us that whereas our Lady speaking to Catherine, a Dominican tertiary, denied that she was conceived without sin, she apparently made to St. Bridget of Sweden a statement in an exactly contrary sense. But apart from canonized saints, such as those just mentioned, we have also interesting notices of a number of less eminent guides in the spiritual life. Some fifteen columns are consecrated in particular to Père Jean-Pierre de Caussade, S.J., a well-known ascetical writer and director of souls in the south of France, who died in 1751. To another French Jesuit, Père Nicolas Caussin, whose principal work, translated into English in the seventeenth century under the name "The Holy Court," had a considerable vogue even among Anglicans in this country, a much shorter notice is devoted; and this is also the case with the Spanish Benedictine, Juan Castaniza, to whom has sometimes been assigned (*e.g.*, by Dom Jerome Vaughan) the authorship of the ascetical work known as "The Spiritual Combat." The article in the *Dictionary* before us denies very positively the attribution to Castaniza, explaining that all that can be said in support of this theory is that Castaniza made acquaintance with the work written by Scupoli shortly after its first appearance in print, and made a Latin translation of it

¹ *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité*. Edited by M. Viller, S.J. Fascicule VIII; "Cassien" to "Chappuis." 254 columns. Paris: Beauchesne.

which he used in instructing his novices. Amongst the other contents of this fascicle we may remark that there are short notices of Bishop Challoner and Abbot John Chapman, as well as an article on the Canons Regular by Abbot Aloysius Smith of Hornsey.

H.T.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

FATHER C. SILVA-TAROUCA, S.J., of the Gregorian University, has edited from a Vatican manuscript the **Collectio Thessalonicensis** (Pont. Univ. Greg., Rome: 8.00 l.), a collection of letters of fifth-century Popes to ecclesiastics in the Balkan peninsula. As that region lay under the shadow of Constantinople, the question of the primacy of Rome is naturally prominent. The text here given is a great improvement on that followed by Mansi and Migne who relied on the faulty *editio princeps* of this *Collectio*. The editor has provided both introduction and index to his work.

The **Acts of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas** (Marietti: 10.00 l.) for the year 1936—1937, besides the usual chronicles and summaries, contain the text of several dissertations by Academicians, including one of more than usual interest by F. Bartolomeo Xiberta, O.Carm., on the metaphysical aspect of the doctrine of the Incarnation.

Opuscula Duo De Doctrina Baiana, edited by Father Lennerz, S.J. (Textus et Documenta Pontificiae Universitatis Gregoriana), contains two documents from the Baius dossier. The first is a letter in which Baius comments on the censures said to have been passed by the Sorbonne in 1560 on eighteen propositions taken from notes of lectures delivered by Father de Sablons. Several are concerned with the incapacity of man's unregenerate will, and one rejects the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The second document groups the seventy-nine propositions condemned by St. Pius V according to their subject matter and affixes to each group a positive statement of orthodox doctrine. This was drawn up by Jean de Lens for the faculty of Louvain in 1586, approved by the Papal Nuncio and apparently subscribed to by the whole faculty of the University, including the chancellor.

MORAL.

The author of these **Lettres à Jean-Pierre** (Éditions Spes, 1938: 15.00 fr.), Père Victor Dillard, S.J., may be surprised to see them classified as Moral Theology, but what he has done, in effect, is to make of the Titius or Leovigildus of the moral case-books a creature of flesh and blood, a boy who grows up, in the course of

the correspondence, from thirteen to twenty-one and who has to be advised on all the problems normal to those ages. Only the priest's side of the correspondence is given, but the letters are remarkably good and the advice given enlightened. Many other subjects are dealt with that have no direct relation to problems of conscience; swimming, the influence of Péguy in the Catholic revival, the magic of the forest, examinations and scouting. Of great interest to English readers are two letters (pp. 165 and 142) on visiting England and on the disadvantages of making a system of education aim at the production of "fonctionnaires" or civil servants, rather than "pionniers." The photographs, which are admirably chosen, serve to heighten the realism of the book. It is to be hoped that it will be read by all who have to do with boys who are growing up, parents as well as masters and, not least, by boys themselves, and that eventually someone will give us a book of letters to an English Jean-Pierre.

The title of Father John C. Ford's book, **The Validity of Virginal Marriage** (Harrigan Press, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.: \$1.50) may easily be misunderstood. The matter under discussion is not, as might be thought, whether it is open to married persons to agree together to live in perpetual virginity. Of this there is no doubt. Such was the marriage of our Lady and St. Joseph: and several similar cases are recorded in the lives of the saints. The subject of the book is whether there can be a true marriage if the preservation of virginity is made a positive condition of consent. Here the opinion of theologians is divided. Many hold that such a union is permissible: others consider that the condition is contrary to the substance of marriage, and that the contract so made is null and void. The problem is not altogether academic: cases regarding the validity of such marriages are occasionally referred to Rome. The point in dispute is whether in the contract of marriage the radical right to intercourse is separable from the proximate right. The meaning of this distinction is best seen where property is in question. The owner of land which has been leased to someone else, possesses the radical right to the property, though he is debarred by the lease from the proximate right to its use. Those who take the negative view hold that this distinction becomes meaningless when the object of the contract is not the ownership of some property, but the right to certain acts. If the right to exercise these acts is renounced, no such thing as a radical right in their regard can, they consider, exist. Dr. Ford discusses the problem with great thoroughness, and concludes strongly in favour of the affirmative answer. The book is divided into two parts. In the first the author treats of the essence of marriage: in the latter he debates the question at issue in view of the conclusion arrived at in the first part. We confess that we are not entirely convinced by his arguments, and remain inclined towards the negative reply.

But we fully recognize the excellence of his work. The book, which was presented as a doctoral dissertation at the Gregorian University, Rome, is a contribution to the subject of permanent value.

SCRIPTURAL.

Perhaps the only fault we have to find with **A Life of Our Lord**, by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P. (Sheed & Ward: 6s.), is that it is not a Life; indeed in his introduction Father McNabb himself rejects the possibility of writing one, and disclaims any desire to attempt it. This is not to say that the book is superfluous. Though much of the Gospel story has been omitted, Father McNabb has provided a series of notes, as it were, to relevant parts of the Gospels, by which they may be better interpreted so that the reader may draw from them a Life for himself. In the selection of these notes he has been guided by two main principles: the interpretation of the Life of Christ as provided by St. Thomas, and the problems of our times which find their solution in Him. In the words of the author, the book is written, chiefly, to draw "his readers to that Gospel Life of Jesus which was the First and will be for ever the Best."

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Jurisprudence according to the Roman Jurists was a branch of Philosophy: "The knowledge of things human and divine, the science of the just and the unjust." That definition, however, finds little acceptance now when the traditional notion of Natural Law has been rejected and when even the very foundations of Law are being destroyed by absolutist philosophies. The present work, **Jurisprudence**, by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., Ph.D., and James V. Hayes, LL.B. (Fordham University Press: \$3.00), therefore, is a timely reminder that there is a Christian theory of Law, and the authors have done a service to students by presenting this traditional doctrine in a way which for completeness and coherence is unequalled by any other book written on the subject in English. It is impossible here to indicate the manifold riches of this work, for it is a digest of lectures given over a long period of years by the Professor of Jurisprudence at Fordham University. It is, indeed, a textbook on the subject, but it is so constructed and equipped with references that it may be used as a basis for advanced and specialized studies. The authors treat fully and competently all the topics of the Science of Law, but they merit special praise for the two complementary chapters on the "Genetic Origin of Law," and their valuable examination of the modern "Totalitarian Theories of Law." The work is beautifully produced and thoroughly indexed so that it forms a fitting memorial of the high standards of scholarship in a Catholic University.

This brief but admirable summary of Professor McDougall's work on animal psychology, **Études de Psychologie Animale**.

L'Instinct, d'Après W. McDougall, by Dr. E. Janssens (Desclée de Brouwer et Cie: 15.00 fr.), should introduce a yet wider public to his writings. It is matter for surprise that his work has not been translated into French, and that it has had to wait for recognition in that language until just after his death. His Introduction to Social Psychology, from which so much of the matter of this work has been taken, was published as long ago as 1908 and has had twenty-four editions. McDougall's terms are here very carefully explained, and it seems clear even from its short account that his discussion of the purposive character of instinct is of great value. It will earn for him a much higher place among philosophers than that attained by those who, like his opponent, the Behaviourist, Watson, have had almost as much influence. Not only has McDougall had quite exceptional influence in his own lifetime among all English-speaking students, but, as the work by Dr. Janssens shows, it is likely to spread further among students on the continent. Dr. Janssens' discussion may be of value to English students also, for its concise analysis may save them from being lost in the details of longer works, and its criticism of McDougall's "volontarisme anti-intellectualiste" and its many dangers is interesting and valuable.

DEVOTIONAL.

Readers of *The Tablet*, when it was under the direction of Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, will remember the articles, chiefly liturgical, which appeared from time to time from the editor's own pen. These have now been collected and published under the title, **A Layman's Christian Year** (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d.). A Foreword by the late Abbot Vonier refers to similar work done by laymen in the past, and commends this phase of Catholic Action. The short essays themselves are full of interest: brought together in this form they support one another, and give the book a valuable driving force. There are more than sixty sections covering the liturgical year, with sundry special articles on such subjects as our Lady of Walsingham, the Beads, the Totalitarianism of Christ the King, etc. It is a book both pleasing and instructive.

The Real Presence (Sentinel Press, New York: \$1.00) contains a series of Eucharistic Meditations, excellently printed and produced, which are translated from the original French of Blessed Peter Julian Eymard. The meditations are well presented in language that is fresh and unstilted. They cover a wide range, and treat of the Eucharistic state and life of our Lord and the Eucharistic interpretation of many of the Church's feasts. A book that would be of great help for the Holy Hour and for visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Companion of Youth (B.O. & W.: 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.) is an English version of an early work of St. John Bosco. The Saint's

extraordinary zeal for the Christian formation of boys and young men is already familiar. It shows itself in this compilation of prayers, devotions and short considerations which would make an excellent "vade mecum" for Catholic youth. It is neat in compass and rich in devotional content.

In Eucharistic Prayers from the Ancient Liturgies (Longmans: 2s. 6d.) Miss Evelyn Underhill, the well-known Anglican authority on mystical subjects, has collected a number of beautiful prayers from the older liturgies (from those of the Syrian Jacobites and of St. John Chrysostom, from the Gallican and Gelasian Sacramentaries, for example). They are placed under headings which recall the principal parts of the Mass: Offertory, Consecration and Communion. The book is a novel anthology, a devotional aid of a new kind.

By his previous collections of essays in the spiritual life which have found wide acceptance among the devout, Father R. Steuart has shown that he possesses rare insight into the ways of God with man and is equally skilful in expounding what he sees. In the fourth volume of what has become a series, **In Divers Manners** (Longmans: 5s. n.), the same qualities are displayed in an endeavour to show that Christianity is a life as well as, or even before, an intellectual reception of revealed truth, and that it is only by "putting on Christ" that we can really understand it. Father Steuart points out how many are the "manners" in which our Lord's life and actions reveal to us what are our proper relations towards God. One is conscious that on the one hand careful and precise thought is necessary even to glimpse the inexhaustible riches of Christ and on the other how wonderfully such research is rewarded. The various aspects of union with God are set forth in language which is the appropriate garb of such a lofty theme. Clear, harmonious, dignified, it is a delight to the literary palate as well as a stimulus to the affections of the heart.

ASCETICAL.

Once again Father F. M. Braun, O.P., of Fribourg, looks at the study of Christ and the Gospels in the light of the present generation in **L'Evangile devant les Temps Présents** (Desclée). He commences with a summary, clear and concise, of the various attitudes of mind to be seen in books to-day, with their consequent disregard of, because of their objection to, the teaching of the Gospels. Over against this he sets the results of the most recent research, notably that of our English scholars. Turning then to Christian readers, he points out their duty to the rising generation, namely, to introduce it to a true understanding of the Gospels, and shows, under four headings, what this understanding of the Gospels implies. He concludes with practical suggestions as to how the teaching of the Gospels to our generation may be improved. An excellent, clear and practical little book.

The experienced popular writer, Father Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S., in **Spotlights on Matters Spiritual** (Herder: 10s.), covers much ground in very short chapters, and in a style for which, perhaps, the title of the book prepares us; it is colloquial, in the language of the author's own country and is applied to the immediate moment, and expressed in true "spotlight" fashion, at times as if the pen could not keep up with the succession of flashes. Many subjects are dealt with—the End of Man, Sin, Prayer, the Old Testament, the Commandments, Heaven; the book concludes with a more elaborated Three Days' Retreat.

It might be suggested that **Aux Jeunes Filles d'Aujourd'hui**, by Jules Renault (Lethielleux: 8.00 fr.), is a little book intended more for teachers than for pupils. At all events it contains some very plain speaking, and shows how the only remedy for evils of the day is in the hands of the younger generation itself.

We recommend to students of the spiritual life **The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection**, by the Rev. Anselm Stolz, O.S.B., translated by the Rev. Aidan Williams, O.S.B., of Belmont (Herder: 10s.). The author frankly deals with mysticism as a thing in itself, apart from other phases or degrees of perfection; his chief aim, perhaps, being to show that what is called mystical experience is within the reach of every earnest seeker after God. He approaches the subject from a somewhat new angle, beginning with St. Paul and treating of the Fathers and Doctors, and from them deducing the principles which the theologians are shown to confirm. The work gives evidence of wide reading and research, both among ancient and modern writers; indeed it is a synthesis of new and old, keeping always in mind the famous description of rapture given by St. Paul.

M. Gabriel Joppin's **Fénelon et la Mystique du Pur Amour**, published by Beauchesne, is a thesis of value to students both of French literature and of the history of spirituality. The work is characterized by strict objectivity, considerable literary erudition and sound theology, and is attractively written throughout. The first part traces the seventeenth-century development of the doctrine of pure, disinterested love of God. It contains most interesting accounts of Mme Guyon's teaching, of her friendship with Fénelon which led him to defend her theories with more chivalry than sound judgment in the Issy Conferences, and the gradual division between Fénelon and Bossuet. The second part analyses Fénelon's book, *Les Maximes des Saints*, and confronts it with what the Saints actually taught. In practically every case M. Joppin shows that Fénelon is justified in claiming very strong backing for much of what he says. However, on the vital points, especially the state of disinterested love of God to the extent of not letting oneself desire eternal happiness, which means the elimination of the virtue of hope, M. Joppin proves that Fénelon has little or no support from the Fathers and Saints he quotes. Clement

of Alexandria and Cassian, St. Bernard and the medieval theologians and mystics, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal—all speak at times in ways that support Fénelon, but a full understanding of their teaching corrects this impression. This part of the book is a veritable anthology of the love of God, culled from its most gifted exponents by a theologian who is at the same time no mean literary critic. The third part continues the story of the controversy from the publication of the *Maximes* (amid almost universal dissatisfaction), through the painful episodes in which unfair methods were used on both sides, down to the final condemnation by Rome of propositions extracted from the *Maximes*. Sympathy with Fénelon in his harsh treatment, and admiration for his exemplary submission after the book's condemnation, cannot, however, lessen our conviction that his teaching on pure love was, to say the least, unfortunate and unwise.

In a supplementary thesis M. Joppin deals with *Une Querelle autour de l'Amour Pur*, Jean-Pierre Camus, Evêque de Belley. This is a detailed analysis of what the Abbé Bremond considered a preliminary rehearsal in miniature of the Fénelon controversy. After an interesting sketch of the life and work (novels as well as spiritual books) of this intimate friend of St. Francis de Sales and great admirer of St. Robert Bellarmine, M. Joppin examines his teaching on pure love. He shows that Camus did not go so far as Fénelon, but went far enough to justify the attempts of Père Antoine Sirmond and other Jesuits to correct his teaching on hope and the value of attrition. Incidentally M. Joppin points out (p. 71 footnote) that the Abbé Bremond in his book on the subject, *Une Querelle du Pur Amour au Temps de Louis XIII*, which is a vindication of Camus against Antoine Sirmond's *Défense de la Vertu*, does not seem to have had this book at his disposal, for he quotes only the passages used by Camus against Sirmond. On a number of other points these two theses go to show that the Abbé's literary excellence is not always matched with historical accuracy.

NON-CATHOLIC.

We confess we do not find it easy to discover the point of **Affirmations**, by a Group of American Anglo-Catholics, Clerical and Lay, edited by Bernard Iddings Bell (Sheed & Ward: 6s.). The papers, it is true, unite in maintaining the need of Christianity, both as a solution of the present chaos, and as a key to modern thought, but that is surely nothing very new. It might have been far more pertinent to discuss what the authors mean by Christianity; for that is what the ordinary man wants to know. He is often willing to accept Christianity if he can find it; but he is discouraged in his search by the many varieties, of which this book represents only one, which leave him confused and in doubt.

Wilfred Monod is the outstanding figure of "The Reformed

Church of France," occupying much the same position in regard to French Protestantism as Pastor Niemöller does in regard to German Evangelicalism. Both are staunch Christians and defenders of the rights of conscience against the encroachment of the secular power : to that extent they are in harmony with the standpoint of the Church Universal. A volume of reminiscences, **Après la Journée** (Grasset : 24.00 fr.), has been published to commemorate Monod's seventieth birthday and may be considered to embody his teaching, his spirit, and his craving for the unity of Christendom. But although he calls his book "souvenirs et visions," he has not yet been granted the sight of the "City set upon a Hill."

HISTORICAL.

The Church at the End of the First Century, by Abbé Bardy (Sands : 6s.), is a useful but rather dry summary of a well-known scholar's opinions on the life, literature and organization of the Church by the time that the last of the Apostles had disappeared. Here a Catholic may find authoritative information about the famous Epistle of St. Clement, the letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch, that odd, much-disputed little tract, the *Didache*, and various less important and more imaginative compositions such as the Epistle of Barnabas, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Apocryphal Gospels. They are fascinating topics. So, too, are the questions of persecution and the rise of heresy, which receive scholarly, if somewhat stilted, treatment. M. Bardy seems to rate the importance of the Judæo-Christians unduly highly. They were never much more than a local bother in the Church. The book is beautifully printed, but lacks an index, which is a major crime in such a publication.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A Sixteenth-Century Nobleman (B.O. & W. : 3s. 6d.), by M. G. Benzinger, is a well-narrated story of St. Francis Xavier. It is intended primarily for boys and girls though, if their elders could but know its worth, they would snatch it from them and have the first enjoying of it. It is full of the spirit of adventure (given its subject, it could scarcely be otherwise), and is well composed.

In his biography, **La Simple Histoire du Bon Père Petit, S.J.** (Lethielleux : 15.00 fr.), M. Henri Davignon gives an account of a Belgian Jesuit who, besides spending many years in the spiritual formation of younger Jesuits, still found time to work for souls in every part of Belgium. The book is composed in a style that is alive and interesting, and should help to spread knowledge of a priest who was regarded as a saint by those who came into contact with him.

SOCIOLOGY.

Studying our social encyclicals we are convinced that ethics must enter into economic theories. But could we bring the same

conviction to those who begin their economic studies at London or Oxford? To drive home successfully to such people Catholic Social doctrine, we have to accept their approach to the subject. We must first prove that Economics and Ethics are inseparable, then that the teaching put forward by the Catholic Church is in strict accord with the true laws of economic science. Such is the scope of Professor Charles Bodin's **La Doctrine Sociale de l'Eglise et la Science Economique** (Éditions Spes: 7.50 fr.). He begins by establishing precise and comprehensive definitions of Economic Science and Economic laws. The logical consequences are deduced, and at the same time, the author reveals the errors of the Liberal School. Economics are then studied with regard to Ethics, Natural Law and the Science of Wealth. A chapter is devoted to the inaccurate notions of the Liberalists on Capital, Production, Price and Exchange Value. The effect of these inaccuracies we see in many of the claims of Socialism. Finally, Professor Bodin shows how the regime most conformable to the true principles of Economics is that put forward in the encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno."

After this didactic work, we get a shock upon reading Daniel Rops' **The Poor and Ourselves** (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), translated by Barbara Wall. We are vividly presented with one aspect of the evil consequences of a false economic and social system. Mr. Rops has plenty of home-truths to deliver. Destitution is everywhere around us. And we have a personal responsibility in its regard. It is a problem of fraternity, and not a political question as "politicians" would make it. Christianity may protest against social injustice; but only too many Christians smugly ensconce themselves in their own rights, regardless of the law of charity. This law of love must actuate every Christian, and particularly our attitude to the destitute. Were we to try and understand the tragic insecurity in which the destitute exists, the moral torpor into which he unwillingly sinks, we would see that we have a grave responsibility towards our brother. Sympathy is not enough; neither is individual charity. Charity based on justice is required. Under our present system this will involve a complete change of affairs, a turning upside-down, a revolution. That is the revolution which is needed to-day, and it is the duty of every Christian to work for it. But, frankly, we wonder why this book was translated!

VERSE.

Miss Eileen Duggan's original and expressive work needs no heralding, but the insight of Mr. Walter de la Mare has given to her latest **Poems** (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.: 5s. n.) a fitting preface in which he stresses the beautiful economy of her style, and her sensitive instinct for the "right word." Each of these poems may be compared to a wood-cut, for every "stroke" counts. Her

muse, like Mrs. Meynell's, has deep reticences, with an "illative" meaning far beyond the actual statement. Miss Duggan's little volume, being what it is, was assured beforehand of the same spontaneous welcome and appreciation that greeted her earlier "Bird-songs."

"Ruth, valour, understanding: 'tis in these
Earth vests its griefs, nor wastes its Calvaries."

Nor do such singers waste theirs.

FICTION.

In **Autumn's Peace** (Sands: 6s. n.), by Avis M. Hove, the authoress describes social life amongst the peasantry of contemporary Ireland, recording "the simple annals of the poor" with insight and sympathy. But her characters rarely "come alive" under her hands, and the reader is not deeply interested in their fortunes which are swayed for the most part by their ill-sorted love affairs. One feels that much sorrow might have been averted by a little common sense.

Miss Vera Barclay is well known for her capital stories about Boy Scouts. In her latest book—**Jane and Tommy Tomkins** (H. Jenkins: 2s. 6d. n.)—Scouts are not the main motif, although a camp of Cubs appears incidentally, but the adventure of Jane in charge of a nerve-shocked uncle, and a little Cockney lad whom she meets, give ample scope for the play of Miss Barclay's inventive humour.

A young but skilful girl-aviator is the heroine of **The Hidden Valley** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), and in the course of a flight to Egypt, she and her party discover a valley in the heart of an uncharted range of African mountains inhabited by the descendants of some third-century Romans who have preserved the speech and civilization of their ancestors. The impact of modern and ancient is graphically described. Wireless helps to secure their departure, after they have exhausted the novelty of their discovery.

Miss Barclay deserts fiction for hagiography in her **Saints and Adventures** (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), but her stories are true "legends," going far back in history and concerned with events and places and persons shrouded in a haze of romance—an apt medium for introducing knowledge of Christian heroism into the minds of the young.

The scene of **Tob and his Dog** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), by Guy Rawlence, is early England before witches and wandering knights and forest-robbers had quite disappeared. Tob, cast up by the sea, and Quip, a stray dog from a circus, have many adventures in these surroundings, told in a simple, matter-of-fact way which is the style that children like, and ending happily for both.

In **Wings of Charity**, by Mme. Gourdareau (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), Granny, with a little help from Uncle, relates how the

Question "If Mummy is ill, who will take her place?" was solved by the two founders of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. So attractive is the narrative of Granny and Uncle—old friends of the Founders—that we are not surprised that their childish audience listens and wants to imitate. The family characters are attractively drawn with real appreciation of children's failings and high ideals. Although the book is brightly and plentifully illustrated by Cody, it is a pity that the irresistible Master Bobby is given a face of rather feminine cast. Happily the translators from the French have succeeded in keeping the phraseology simple and so helped to ensure the book's popularity with children.

The Coming of the Monster (Longmans: 4s. 6d.; Second Cheap Edition) is in many ways the most exciting of the series of very readable stories through which Father O. Dudley puts us wise regarding the evils of the times and their appropriate remedies. The Monster is not the Devil but his powerful ally the Flesh whereby he tries to wrest the World from its Creator. Already Father Dudley's books have a circulation running into the hundred thousands, and this cheap reissue should greatly increase it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The author of **At Your Ease in the Church** (Sheed & Ward: 5s.), Miss Mary Perkins, is not without humour and certainly has courage. She has written a book which can only be described as one on Catholic etiquette. She has kept her eyes open and has noticed, not so much the *faux pas* which Catholics make, as the things they are liable not to know, and ought to know, in their behaviour within the fold. She puts them "at their ease" in the sacraments, in their dealings with priests and bishops, in the Church both universal and local, in their attitude towards the religious Orders, and to non-Catholics outside. Not the least useful chapter is that entitled "Varia." In her little book Miss Perkins has combined both utility and entertainment.

Prince d'Altora Colonna de Stigliano continues his exposure of French Freemasonry in yet another work, **Responsabilités Maçonniques** (Lethielleux: 18.00 fr.). It is a résumé of conferences given at the Institut Catholique, and is founded on evidence which the author challenges his adversaries to contradict. He lays at their door the introduction of Bolshevism into France and Spain with all its consequences, to say nothing of the deliberate weakening of France in face of the German menace.

How to Get More Out of Life, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Geoffrey Bles: 3s. 6d. n.), might be described as a valiant protest against a blind following of the herd-instinct by man—or woman—especially in those matters where most people are free to choose, if they will take the trouble to do so, *e.g.*, in the choice of friends, hobbies, books. The essays, covering a wide range of subjects, are written,

however, in no pragmatic or carping spirit, for their geniality and humour make them pleasant reading. The author wisely avoids "major issues," and lays no claim to a philosophical point-of-view; but there is much practical wisdom in his plea for mental independence. It sounds a timely clarion in a world relying overmuch upon "potted" opinions, machine-made music, and short-cuts to knowledge—yet without carrying to its hackneyed extreme that boring cult of the ego, which would have "individual" expression at all costs save those implied in the acquisition of something worth expressing. An occasional misprint mars the general good effect.

Among the recent *Practical Psychology Handbooks* (1s. each) published by *The Psychologist* (Manfield House, Strand), is **How to keep well: a simple outline of the proved laws of health**, by Dr. Mary Cardwell, M.D. Anyone who wants (1) to feel healthy and well: (2) to have the personal charm which is based on good health: (3) to have the happy confidence that goes with sound health: (4) to have a positive aim for happiness—such a one must (1) carry his body correctly: (2) breathe properly: (3) eat and drink wisely: (4) keep his system clean: (5) exercise easily: (6) work and rest: (7) cultivate a healthy mental outlook. But there is much more useful matter in the booklet than can be gathered from these headings. To some of us it may sound a little too good to be true; one might suggest a companion volume, "How to keep unwell," or how to keep going in spite of minor ailments; doubtless much depends on the minor ailment. Dr. Cardwell describes herself as a general practitioner and family doctor, but her lecturing and writing have shown her to be something more than that. Only recently (1935) she published *Some Aspects of Child Hygiene, a book for the use of training colleges and practising teachers* (Pitman: 3s.), which should prove of considerable service in helping teachers to promote healthy living among their pupils, and to recognize the premonitory signs of disease. She has quite lately written a useful booklet upon *The Peril of Birth Control*; and we are glad to think that, at the next Cambridge Summer School, on the subject of "Religion and Science," a paper on medical problems will be read by a doctor of such practical experience.

PERIODICALS.

May we add a further word of commendation for **The Terminal** (Samuel Walker, Hinckley: 4d.), the student magazine issued by the Catholic Society of London University. Its latest number has the palest of canary covers with the title word diagonally across it in somewhat funereal purple. There are three or four charming wood-cuts, a poem and a review or two, with items of Catholic interest from the various colleges. Dr. Halliday Sutherland concludes his "Early Travels in Lapland." Three college "stalwarts" contribute stimulating articles. G. A. M. Hills breaks a lance

with Industrialism, and sighs for the open spaces: L. M. Branney a further lance with the legacy of the new Europe since the sixteenth century, finding in this heritage the reason for our present chaos: T. G. Weiler with neat humour pleads the cause of the Gadarene swine. The magazine is an attractive publication and deserves a fuller encouragement.

The January—February issue of **Art Notes** (Burleigh Press, Bristol: 6d.) is nicely printed and presented: one would expect nothing less from an artistic periodical. It contains four pages of information on the making of cartoon films and an interesting article, well illustrated, on "Rhythmical Interpretation." The Notes are a new venture and would welcome more support.

REFERENCE.

With the New Year come its two invaluable works of Catholic reference from Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. **The Catholic Who's Who**, published at six shillings, with its five thousand brief biographies of prominent Catholics throughout the Empire, should make us feel that we are by no means as unimportant as in our more depressed moments we may be tempted to imagine. It is always fun to turn the pages of a reference book: to thumb the volume in question for the first time would be a revelation. No Catholic library, society or institution should be without it.

The Catholic Directory for 1939, sold at three shillings and sixpence, should have an even wider appeal. It is excellent value, giving a calendar of the year with feasts and fasts and various anniversaries. There are lists of all the episcopal sees throughout the Church, of the pastors of home sees since the restoration of the hierarchy as well as of Bishops to-day in English-speaking lands. The names of priests, times of services and details of Catholic Societies are given for every parish in Great Britain. If you want to know the time of Mass and Benediction, wherever you are, or just where you can go to confession in Hungarian or Maltese—try the Catholic Directory.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

From America comes **A Sainly Shepherd of Souls** (Mission Church Press, Boston: 5 cents), a life of the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, C.S.S.R., the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia. Born in 1811 and dying in 1860, Bishop Neumann was a prominent figure in the gradual development of the Faith in the Eastern States. His cause was introduced at Rome in 1885, and followed in 1921 by the declaration of heroic virtue, the prelude to the process of Beatification. This short life is composed by Father Albert H. Waible, C.S.S.R.

Recent Catholic Truth Society pamphlets (2d. each) include:

Lesson Leaflets: Junior Series (Part VII) containing six further lessons as arranged by our Lady's Catechists: **An Angel Book** in which the angels are "explained" in jolly rhymes and drawings by Sister Mary Dominica, O.P.: **The Soul; Here and Hereafter**, a valuable synthesis of doctrine concerning the soul, compiled by Walter W. Jewell.

In smaller format are the two parts of **Thanks be to God**, a series of short extracts from "The Virtues of the Divine Child," by Father Daniel Considine, S.J. They are admirable little booklets for reading and meditation.

Other pamphlets in this format are: **A Hospital Prayer Book**, compiled by a priest of the Oratory, a neat compendium of appropriate prayers: and **The Lenten Gospels**, exclusive of Holy Week, which would provide suitable short readings for that holy season.

The final issue for 1938 of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 cents) reprints an address delivered by Mgr. Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, on "The Soul of Christian Civilization."

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

L'Homme qui approche . . . By Pierre L'Ermite. Pp. 190. Price, 9.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

The Catholic Who's Who. Pp. xlviii, 564. Price, 6s. *The Catholic Directory, 1939*. Pp. xlii, 898. Price, 3s. 6d.

CAPUCHIN COLLEGE, Brookland, U.S.A.

Report of the 20th Annual Meeting.

COLDWELL, London.

The Sage of Exeter. By Rev. J. R. Buck. Pp. xiv, 214. Price, 8s. 6d.

DESCLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.

Ius Missionariorum: De Matrimonio. By G. Vromant. Pp. 386. EDITIONS SPES, Paris.

Le Dieu des Chrétiens. By Abbé Félix Klein. Pp. 270. Price, 18.00 fr. *La Doctrine Spirituelle des Hommes d'Action*. By François Charnot, S.J. Pp. 350. Price, 20.00 fr.

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Continuity. By Rev. C. Hoare. Pp. 112. Price, 3s. 6d.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

L'Eglise de Notre Foi. By Fr. L.

Kösters, S.J. Translated by Ph. Mazoyer and A. Gaté. Pp. xii, 300. Price, 20.00 fr. *Jésus en Galilée: Jésus—Lumière—Amour*. By Nazaire Faivre. Pp. 408. Price, 30.00 fr. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London.

Our Great High Priest. By Canon Peter Green. Pp. vi, 110. Price, 3s. 6d. *Starting Afresh*. By Rev. Pat McCormick. Pp. x, 118. Price, 2s. 6d. *Eucharistic Prayers from the Ancient Liturgies*. Collected by Evelyn Underhill. Pp. 128. Price, 2s. 6d. *An Introduction to the Fourth Gospel*. By E. Basil Redlich, Canon of Leicester. Pp. viii, 160. Price, 5s. *University and Labour Series*. 1s. each. *Reform or Revolution*. By Fr. James O'Mahony, O.M.Cap. Pp. 60. *Modern Democracy*. By Professor James Hogan. Pp. 96. *Economics and the Worker*. By Fr. Paschal Larkin, O.M.Cap. Pp. 72.

SANDS & Co., London.

The Enigma of James II. By Malcolm V. Hay. Pp. xvi, 243. Price, 8s. 6d. n. *Canterbury Bells*. By Harold Webb. Pp. 253. Price, 6s. n. WALKER, Hinckley.

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